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New Left Crisis
THE MOVEMENT SEEKS A MASS
Larry David Nachman

Seven Firefights in Vietnam / William Eastlake

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LETTERS

Nixon's 'Intelligence'

Asheville, N.C.

DEAR SIRS: I read with keen interest and substantial agreement your editorial "Nixon's Dilemma" [*The Nation,* Dec. 7]. The President is admittedly a master politician. He knows how to get nominated and elected. So far, unfortunately, he has shown no capacity to govern. . . . Neither he nor his immediate predecessor, Lyndon Johnson, ever had any real administrative or executive experience prior to becoming President. Johnson failed miserably as President and was forced to retire. Nixon so far has been no better.

The principal point of difference with your editorial is, however, with your statement, "But our intelligence is very faulty and the prisoners weren't there." It is my belief that "our intelligence" was most accurate in that "the prisoners weren't there." If they had been, an ugly fight almost certainly would have taken place with many casualties, including the POWs. This would have been a tragedy for Mr. Nixon. . . .

Raiding an area which was known not to have any POWs was a masterpiece of political propaganda and strategy. He succeeded at almost no risk in "proving" to the naive his humanity in showing his "concern" for the POWs. Small wonder his supporters credit the raid a great success. Politically it was.

Hugh B. Hester, Brig. Gen., USA (Ret.)

facts wanted

DEAR SIRS: For a client's projected book tentatively entitled *The Community College: Boon or Bunk?* we invite factual contributions and thoughtful comments from students, graduates, faculties, and administrations of two-year colleges and from concerned members of the academic and professional communities in general. We are especially interested in matters of college governance, academic freedom, curriculum planning, ratio of liberal arts to vocational courses, academic standards, criteria for faculty hiring, transferability of credits, adequacy of vocational preparation for working life, adaptation of transfer students to four-year environment, adult education, and community involvement.

Acknowledgment of contributions will depend entirely on the contributor's wish. Discretion is assured and all requests for anonymity will be honored. Material that is to be returned should be so marked.

James Seligmann, Seligmann & Collier
280 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016

exposure

Hollins College, Va.

DEAR SIRS: I am distressed by John Berryman's rather indecent exposure of himself in your Letters column of Nov. 30. I hope Hayden Carruth will not "retire from business," as Mr. Berryman suggests, for any reason whatsoever, and above all not because of Berryman's singular accusation that Mr. Carruth failed to kiss his "first wife under the mistletoe in her aunt's apartment on West 9th Street on New Year's afternoon, 1941."

In quoting from his own work, ". . . brooding thro' a history of the early Church/ I identify with everybody including the heretics," Mr. Berryman appears to have forgotten Nabokov's astute caution that there are not only minor writers but also "minor readers—particularly those who 'identify' with the characters."

Finally I object to Mr. Carruth being called a "bastard," unless, of course, Mr. Berryman is using the word in a generic sense which would include all poets. *Kay Boyle*

EDITORIALS

The Opinion of Mankind

Among many other perspicacious observations, Morris Raphael Cohen, a Russian Jew by birth and one of America's leading philosophers until his death in 1947, remarked that in a war the adversaries exchange each other's vices. That peril faces the Soviet Union today. In World War II it fought Nazi Germany, whose solution of "the Jewish question" was extermination. The Soviets won, at a cost of some 20 million Russian lives. Now they deny that they are anti-Semitic, but in the minds of much of the world they are getting that reputation, and if they carry out the death sentences imposed on Mark Y. Dymshits and Eduard S. Kuznetsov, two of the Soviet Jews found guilty in the Leningrad hijacking case, they will be condemning themselves together with their victims.

According to reports from Moscow by American newsmen, who were not permitted to cover the trial of the eleven defendants but who interviewed their friends and relatives, none of the accused denied taking part in a plan to hijack a small, one-engine airplane and fly to Sweden, with Israel as their ultimate destination. Of the eleven, nine were Jews, and all had sought permission to emigrate to Israel and been refused. Mr. Kuznetsov, who seems to have been the principal spokesman, averred they had never had any hostile intentions toward the Soviet Union: all they wanted was to emigrate. They were arrested before the plan could be carried out, and the Soviet authorities justify the death sentences and the prison terms, ranging from four to fifteen years, on the ground that hijacking is a crime warranting the most severe penalties. The crucial point, however, is that the defendants were tried for *treason.* The treason consisted in plotting to flee the country.

The implications of this indictment are what the Soviet Union should consider, in its own interest if not as a matter of conscience. A number of states place restrictions, monetary or other, on the right of their citizens to travel abroad, but that is no parallel with the case of the person who wishes to renounce his citizenship and depart for good. The notion of the state as a jail in which people can be locked up and denied the right of emigration is totally inconsistent with the concept of a modern nation, which in some areas the Soviet Union unquestionably is. A blanket refusal to allow Soviet citizens—whether Jews or non-Jews—to emigrate, is of a piece with the Soviet treatment of dissident intellectuals who, like the Nobel Laureate, Solzhenitsyn, do *not* desire to leave the Soviet Union.

It is no wonder that the Soviet action in the Leningrad case, as brutal as it is ill-advised, has aroused worldwide concern. Fourteen leading American intellectuals signed a statement of protest: Saul Bellow, Noam Chomsky, Henry Steele Commager, Father Theodore M. Hesburgh, Abraham Heschel, Alfred Kazin, Arthur Kornberg, Dwight Macdonald, Arthur Miller, Hans J. Morgenthau, Bayard Rustin, Robert Penn Warren, George Wald and Eugene Wigner. The Nixon Administration is taking discreet diplomatic action to save Dymshits and Kuznetsov from the firing squad. Protests in the Congress have been numerous

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and vehement. Even the American Communist Party urged the Soviet Union to commute the death sentences, and it has been joined by the British, French and other Communist Parties.

Pope Paul is doing all in his power to obtain clemency. The governments of Britain, France and West Germany are among those that are exerting similar efforts. In some phases the case resembles the Rosenberg case in the United States. We know a thing or two about "political trials": we have witnessed quite a number lately within our own borders. Nor would we place any additional strain on Soviet-American relations, now as always of paramount importance. On the contrary, because we want to see these relations improve, we express the earnest hope that these proceedings will be ended, and that the Soviets will, starting now, adopt a civilized attitude toward their nationals, and in particular their Jewish citizens. Not only the lives of two persons, and the freedom of nine others, depend on the action of the Soviet leadership, but also the question whether they have a decent respect for the opinion of mankind.

Burgos and Leningrad

There are obvious differences between the prosecutions in Leningrad and those in Burgos, but among the similarities is the sense of outrage that permeates most of Europe against such stupid and regressive actions. Neither Madrid nor Moscow seems to sense that world opinion can rally quickly nowadays on a clear-cut issue involving fundamental decencies. Word travels fast and the feedback can be swift and vehement. Perhaps because Spain is closer to the West—or a part of Europe—Franco got the word somewhat quicker than the Soviet authority. Once he sensed the strength of world opinion, and the strong internal implications, he lost little time in commuting the death sentences. The immediate reaction, of course, is one of relief and, for the moment, some of the tension will decline. But it would be misreading recent events in Spain to assume that Franco is, so to speak, home safe.

There are fewer than a million Basques in Spain and numerically they do not appear to threaten Franco, but Basques do not take kindly to repression. Another 150,000 live across the Pyrenees and the French have no trouble with them. The activists whose sentences have shocked so many Europeans number only a few hundred. They form a separatist guerrilla organization with Marxist leanings, known as ETA. Most Basques are devout Catholics, and few believe that an independent Basque state is a practical possibility, so the activists start off with two counts against them. Yet they have a large following among the million Spanish Basques.

The Basque guerrillas (an as yet unidentified splinter group affiliated in some way with ETA) who seized Eugen Beihl, the honorary West German Consul in San Sebastian some weeks ago, and who released him on Christmas Day, behaved intelligently and humanely. The kidnapping of people who have nothing material to do with the oppression of a group is inherently repugnant. They are innocent victims, like a bystander who is shot in a riot. Robert Escarpit commented on this aspect in *Le Monde*. "The proposed exchange of one life for another," he wrote,

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"makes for such absurd and horrible mathematics that one wonders how it could possibly solve the problem."

If the hostage had not been released or if the hostage had been killed (as in Quebec), the sentences would probably have been carried out. But the release of the hostage injected a qualitative change in the confrontation between the guerrillas and the regime. Franco could not ignore this change; he had to act as he did. Perhaps other guerrillas in other lands will acquire a sense of the potency of world opinion in clearly focused, well-publicized situations which have a strong appeal to conscience. What Franco has done, of course, put added pressure on the Soviets to grant clemency. At year's end, the trials in Leningrad and Burgos may convince the respective regimes of the wisdom of anticipating world reaction to trials of this kind.

The Burgos trial was, of course, a travesty; the president of the court-martial would not permit any argument in favor of the defendants. But the accused had lawyers, and highly courageous and capable they were; and the proceedings were well covered by the world press, especially by Richard Eder of *The New York Times*.

Franco, now 78, is in deeper trouble than before the trials began. Too much has happened; the "spontaneous demonstration" on December 17 not only failed to convince, it advertised the weakness of the regime. There were very few young people or workers. Franco addressed the demonstration for forty seconds, which is perhaps a measure of his declining virility. Spain seems no longer to have solid backing in any significant domestic quarter. Abroad its principal support comes from America, where the Pentagon values its Spanish bases more than the lives and liberties of the Spanish people. But the more it appears that Franco is supported by American dollars and American power, the stronger flow the tides of anti-Americanism which in turn undercuts popular support for the regime. The Catholic clergy are at odds with the government. The army supports the regime but General García Rebull, the regional commander, has made no secret of his dislike for the proceedings against the Basques; such drumhead courts-martial serve only to make the army unpopular.

Whether in the Soviet Union or in Spain, repression breeds resistance. In the early years of Bolshevism the Jews were recognized as a nationality and given a federated republic, Birobijan, to colonize. That venture failed, but if the Soviets treated the Jews today as they did then (Stalin had a Jewish brother-in-law in high office at one time) they would have no trouble with them. The situation with regard to the Basques is somewhat similar, but they are in a position of greater power. They may yet be a factor in bringing Franco down, or making real trouble for whoever succeeds him.

After Rivers

It seemed as though it would never happen, but the irrefutable fact is that L. Mendel Rivers will no longer chair the House Armed Services Committee. His successor, F. Edward Hébert, is a hawk but a hawk with a sense of humor, which helps. And he lacks Rivers' dynamism and cunning. The staff will probably remain the same, but the Democrats will now select replacements on the committee for Rivers and for "lame duck" Philip J. Philbin of Massachusetts. Rivers had decided, "in fairness," to give Philbin's seat to Mrs. Louise Day Hicks, who won election from the Massachusetts district formerly represented by John McCormack. That disaster may now be averted.

If they wish, the Democrats can leaven the committee considerably by naming a moderate and, say, someone like Rep. Michael Harrington. While no great changes in the committee's operations are to be expected immediately, the leadership coalition which has ruled the House for much too long now lacks two of its leading figures, Rivers and John McCormack. Through McCormack, Rivers was able to keep many Northern "moderates" under his suzerainty on all matters military. The moderates have been shy about antagonizing the leadership as such, and then Rivers always had bags of defense goodies to distribute to those who stayed in line.

The controls will not be so tight now. The relation between Carl Albert and Hébert will not be as close as tnat between McCormack and Rivers; and they are, moreover, quite different types. Rivers was well aware that he was the most powerful single member of the House. Again and again, he told his colleagues that he did not want to advance to the Senate, although he was supremely confident—and with good reason—of his ability to defeat Senator Thurmond or, for that matter, any other South Carolinian.

Not all of Mendel Rivers' extraordinary power was inherent in the committee setup or the privileges of a chairman. He was a forceful personality with an insatiable lust for power (see "L. Mendel Rivers: King of the Military Mountain" by Robert Sherrill, *The Nation*, January 19, 1970). Much of the power he exercised was his by acquisition. Mr. Hébert may be a transitional chairman, for he is said not to be in good health and may be unable to sustain the formidable demands of this, the toughest of committee chairmanships. Rep. Melvin Price (D., Ill.), who would succeed him, would be a decided improvement as chairman. So the old order changes, but how slowly!

The 18-Year-Old Vote

The Supreme Court decision giving the vote in Presidential and Congressional elections to 18-year-olds should end all the debate about "strict construction," but it won't.

The five opinions rendered by the nine justices, none speaking for more than three of them, reflect a painful and futile struggle to support a practical judgment with words that simply are not that elastic.

Justice Black, who is best at it, based his decisive swing vote on Article I, Section 4, which authorizes Congress to make or alter regulations for "the times, places and manner" of holding elections. And yet, it would seem the framers had mechanical, housekeeping changes in mind and not so awesome an alteration as a new minimum voting age.

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Justices Brennan, White and Marshall rested their approval of the 1970 law on Section 5 of the Fourteenth Amendment, a housekeeping grant of authority in 1866 to future Congresses to enact "appropriate legislation" to protect the newly freed slaves.

Justice Douglas, meanwhile, reasoned that the "equal protection" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment validates the law. But Justice Harlan, whose constitutional scholarship is unquestioned, found the entire Fourteenth Amendment argument preposterous.

And Chief Justice Burger and Justices Stewart and Blackmun read the same Constitution as the others and construed it to reserve for the states control over minimum voting ages in all elections, which Black said is true only for state and local elections. But Burger, Stewart and Blackmun found in the document a "right to travel" and staid states must not violate it by setting arduous residency qualifications to vote for the President and other national officers.

All this is not to imply that the nine men are "loose constructionists." It is just that Congressmen—and Presidents—who say laws can be held up alongside the Constitution to see whether they square exactly are kidding themselves and the people.

As for the decision itself, it was obviously long overdue. The 18-year-olds of today are as fit, by interest and education, as were the 21-year-olds of yesterday to help elect a President and a Congress. Whether these 11.4 million new voters will push the country in any particular direction is problematic. They might choose to slow down a war in which they are the ones to fight and die. And should the politicians try to play to youth, so much the better, because the way to play to young people is to promise change and produce it.

Unfortunately, the Court left an awkward situation by not giving the vote to 18-year-olds in state and local elections as well. There is a chance, though, that the states will do it themselves in time to avoid confusion in 1972. Or Congress might decide to help by moving along quickly the constitutional amendment proposed by Senator Kennedy to complete the job.

No Ordinary Senator

This is the season for a brand of oafish oratory in which House and Senate members love to indulge—tributes to colleagues who will not return to the new Congress. Most of these, of course, are "lame ducks," a term which is said to have been first applied to Election Day casualties by this magazine in 1910. Of them *The Nation* said that they were "lame ducks in the sense that they have been winged, but hope to preen their plumage again." Tradition calls for describing the departing member in gorgeous rhetoric as a paragon of all the virtues. Perhaps because Eugene McCarthy was not a lame duck, the tributes to him were of exceptional quality and interest. In fact it is a tribute that his colleagues gave such care to what they had to say about him:

"Not an ordinary Senator . . . he has gone his way on occasion" (Senator Mansfield). "Gene McCarthy turned my children around. He gave them hope" (Senator Hart). "One of the most unusual Senators I have known . . . a very different kind of person . . . a man who is very helpful to us because he does not take himself too seriously or any of the rest of us too seriously" (Senator Proxmire). "He is really and truly a poet . . . he has done a great deal to turn this country toward peace" (Senator Young). "We all know him as a sensitive man, an artist, and a poet and it was perhaps because of these characteristics that he sensed the mood of the people and the outrage of this war more deeply and perhaps earlier than some of the rest of us" (Senator Kennedy). "A man of many moods. . . . He did not solicit friendship. . . . He could never really be 'a Senate man' " (Senator Muskie). "He challenged the soul of the nation" (Senator Hughes). "I always thought that the greatest contribution of the Senator from Minnesota was that he was a pike. A pike is a fish that swims into a shallow, sluggish area and nudges the inhabitants there to come alive and think, come out of their lethargy, if they are to survive" (Senator Magnuson). "Gene McCarthy has not been what we would call an orthodox Senator" (Senator Aiken). "A very private man was in a very public office" (Senator Church). "He is a master of understatement, but all of us who have heard him will never forget his eloquence" (Senator Cooper). "We seem to be seeing the first faint signs that the mindless binge on violence is coming to an end. We seem to be seeing the dawning realization that the young accomplished much more with Senator McCarthy in 1968 than a few of them have done on their own in the months since" (Senator Hollings). "Gene has demonstrated the power of ideas in history" (Senator Bayh). And more, much more of the same.

What the Senators who spoke seemed to be saying, without quite saying it, was that Eugene McCarthy had been proved right about the war in Vietnam and right about his decision to challenge President Johnson's leadership of the Democratic Party. (Incidentally, one of the first and finest of his denunciations of the war was a speech that he gave at a *Nation* conference in Los Angeles on February 25, 1967. The reception accorded this speech just may have firmed up his decision to test his convictions in action.)

In paying tribute to him, his colleagues were under no illusion that he was quitting politics. "I know that in some place . . . he will continue to exert his tremendous and great influence" (Senator Cooper). But if any of them had any doubts about the matter, he removed them in his *Meet the Press* interview of December 27. He made it quite clear there that he would be active politically between now and November 1972. And—Democrats please note—he also made it quite clear that "outside" pressure might be needed to reform the party, which may well have been a major reason why he decided not to seek re-election. We can think of no better assurance that the reforms proposed by the McGovern commission —or most of them—will be adopted. Since Eugene McCarthy was never, in the view of his colleagues, "a Senate man," his influence will no doubt be greater now that he has decided to work outside the Senate and, possibly, outside the Democratic Party. No ordinary Senator, he should prove to be no ordinary politician on the national scene.

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THE FORTUNES OF HUSSEIN

FARIS QASSIM
Mr. Qassim, formerly editor and publisher of a leading Iraqi newspaper, and a member of the Iraqi parliament, has been since 1960 a writer in London for, among other journals, The Economist *and the* London Financial Times.

Het Parool (Amsterdam)

"Hussein," an American journalist once remarked, "is the right King for the wrong country." By that he meant that the King was too capable and courageous a leader for a country as poor and precarious as Jordan. Indeed, one of the most remarkable phenomena of Middle Eastern politics is the way in which Hussein has managed to survive a series of crises which would have unseated a lesser monarch in this anti-royalist era. How long can his luck—and pluck—hold?

Oddly, Nasser's death may have more effect on Jordan —and on Hussein's survival—than on Egypt itself, where a relative continuity seems assured. For the first time in many years, Hussein is free to pursue an independent policy in his own country. The King, naturally enough, never really trusted Nasser, for Nasser tried repeatedly to overthrow him, directly and indirectly, and especially by propaganda on Radio Cairo.

In 1955, when the Western powers were pressing Hussein to join the Baghdad Pact, he was careful not to do so until he had first obtained Nasser's approval. The King relates in his autobiography, *Uneasy Lies the Head,* that Nasser told him: "Any strength for Jordan is a strength for the Arab world. Therefore I see no objection." But when Hussein proceeded with negotiations, Nasser evidently changed his mind. Without warning, Egypt launched a barrage of propaganda against Jordan which almost brought an end to the monarchy and the country. "That was the end of Jordan and the Baghdad Pact," Hussein writes, "but not the end of Nasser's double-crossing."

Distrust between the two men increased. In 1960, Hussein's Prime Minister, Hazza al-Majali, was assassinated by explosives placed on his desk, and the young King held Nasser responsible. Majali was one of the few politicians he really trusted. His cousin Habbis, who was Minister of Defense in 1960, became Military Governor of Jordan during the civil war last September.

In 1958 the Hashemite monarchy of Iraq was overthrown and Hussein's second cousin, King Faisal, and other members of the royal family were slain. Again the King held Nasser and his "Voice of the Arabs" accountable. The Palestinian Liberation Organization, which emerged under the leadership of Ahmad ash-Shukairi in 1964, Hussein regarded as an arm of Egyptian policy, designed to liberate Jordan from its King before liberating Israel for the Palestinians.

However, a few days before the outbreak of the 1967 war, relations between the two men improved, but only after Hussein had appeased Nasser by dismissing his Prime Minister, Wasfi Tel, who had been openly attacking the Egyptian President. Tel remained loyal to the King and, with Nasser dead, is back in office. The larger measure of cooperation between Nasser and Hussein, initiate by Tel's resignation, lasted until Nasser's death. Hussei joined Nasser in the June war against Israel, and thereb lost the richest part of his country, the West Bank. Durin Hussein's struggles to maintain control over the guerrilla in his country, Nasser maintained neutrality when he di not provide quiet support. When commando organization defied Nasser for accepting the Rogers peace plan, th Egyptian leader, in his new role as Arab moderate, re acted immediately, arresting a number of their supporter in Egypt and curtailing their broadcasting facilities i Cairo.

This provided an opportunity for Hussein. Whethe on his own initiative or under pressure from his army he took the offensive against the guerrillas inside Jordan A military government was installed in Amman and th September civil war began. The results are now clear; Hus sein has eliminated the most radical of the guerrilla group and weakened the military capacity of the commandos tc challenge his writ. Many observers believe that Nasser en couraged him in this gamble, but the situation is more am biguous than surface facts would indicate. In this, as in other crisis situations, Nasser showed himself only toc willing to be led by, rather than to lead, popular forces. During the first day of fighting, his propaganda was neutral and urged a cease-fire in general terms. However, when the Jordanian Army suffered a temporary setback, mainly due to the Syrian invasion, Nasser began to waver. Hussein, who found himself in a showdown with the commandos only as a result of having accepted the Rogers

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·oposal, had to compromise and accept the face-saving ɛvice of mediation. Those deputed to mediate the dispute ɔcluded several Arab heads of state hostile to him. This ɔuld be viewed as a temporary setback for Hussein, ıanks to Nasser's changed tactics, when he might have ırther consolidated his position.

How does Hussein stand now, with Nasser dead nd other recent developments in the Arab world? He pparently has greater freedom of action in Jordan than be- ɔre, more particularly because the Jordanian Army proved ɔyal in the fight against the guerrillas. Hussein has given ıdication of his new-found independence. He did not ttend the meetings which took place among other Arab eads of state following Nasser's funeral. Moreover, he has ɜsued threatening statements for stronger action against ıe commandos if they do not leave Amman and the other ɔwns they occupied. At the same time, Jordan has been trengthened by other developments in the Arab world.

One of these was the recent election in Lebanon, where stronger and more pro-Western President, Sulaiman al-ʔranjiyah, was put in office.

President Franjiyah is well known for his courage and or his hostility to the Palestinians in Lebanon. He is sup- ɔorted by ex-President Chamoun, a staunch pro-Western ɔolitician. One of Franjiyah's first steps in office was to ɜurtail the influence of the Lebanese Army which is large- y loyal to Fu'ad Chehab, a "friend" of the Egyptians and ın adversary of the new President.

Meanwhile in Syria, the more radical regime of former ʔresident Atasi has been superseded by the moderate wing of the Ba'ath Party under General Hafiz al-Asad. The main cause of this Syrian coup was the interference by the army in the September civil war in Jordan, under the leadership of former strongman, Salah al-Jadid. Jadid, who was be- hind the deployment of the Syrian tanks to support the guerrillas in Jordan, is now in jail in Damascus, while Asad, who refused to provide air cover for the tanks and thus forced their withdrawal, is now in power. This shift in Damascus has naturally benefited Hussein. He is also on better terms with the new alliance of Egypt, Libya and the Sudan, with which the new Syrian Government has just affiliated.

The Iraqis, who had officially sided with the guerrillas though they did nothing when it came to a fight, are iso- lated. They are under verbal attack from the Syrian re- gime, and at Hussein's request have removed their forces from Jordan. Thus still another potential threat against his regime has been eliminated.

When he came West recently to talk to the British and Americans, Hussein left a strong government at home. Prime Minister Wasfi Tel was educated at the American University of Beirut, and served in the British Army in World War II. He has held various positions in the gov- ernment, including an ambassadorial post in Iraq and the directorhip of broadcasting in Jordan. He is strongly pro- Western and his influence on the King is great. He is known to be little impressed by guerrillas.

Hussein thus presented his proposals to President Nixon from a position of relative strength. Given some luck—and he has a gift for being lucky—Hussein should be around for some time to come. □

NEW LEFT CRISIS

THE MOVEMENT SEEKS A MASS

LARRY DAVID NACHMAN
Mr. Nachman is associate professor of political science at Richmond College (City University of New York).

Four of the defendants in the Chicago conspiracy trial, Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Tom Hayden and Dave Dellinger, published books in the last year that portray and reflect the strains and divisions that beset the American Left as it begins a new decade.

Woodstock Nation (Random House) is a story, a memoir—perhaps it would be best to match extravagance for extravagance and say that *Woodstock Nation* is Abbie Hoffman's first novel. The story turns on a simple episode: during the great Woodstock festival, Hoffman stepped up to the microphone to make a statement and was thrown off the platform by Peter Townshend of the rock group, The Who. The performers felt that Hoffman was inter- fering with their show and that he was intruding politics into a celebration. The incident was insignificant but it was related to a larger event whose significance is harder to assess—the impasse of the American Left.

Three events of 1969 had special meaning for the American Left. The first was the breakup of SDS, that loose coalition of old Left, New Left and hippies, which had helped energize the university campus. In its stead, on the one hand, were the well-organized youth branches of the old, rigid and authoritarian Marxist organizations, and, on the other hand, the Weatherman faction in which Americans saw the gradual emergence of an underground, terroristic organization. The second event was Woodstock.

The special spirit of the New Left had been the unusual combination of deep concern its members displayed for both politics and the problems of self and alternative social and cultural forms. But just at the time when politics seemed increasingly desiccated, futile and frustrating, Woodstock provided an instant legend of immediate per- sonal liberation through those good and joyous modes of self-exploration which the Left had learned so well to appreciate: sex, rock and drugs. That the event did not bring one into contact with the social and political reality of the nation was an added attraction to those who could not forget that the great radical social event of the pre- vious August had been the "siege of Chicago."

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The third important occurrence of 1969 was the Chicago conspiracy trial. It promised a chance to re-create the political energy and direction of the Left, but that is not what happened. The trial's significance came to lie in its other side, in the emergence of political repression as a national policy of high priority. However much radicals might find strength in their courage, the new repression put a constant additional strain on them and made them feel more intensely the political isolation that had been gnawing at the Left for several years.

When black nationalism emerged in 1965, it cut the nascent white Left off from the masses of black Americans, and since then the Left has had to get along without the political and psychological support of direct connection with a mass base. In the first stages of the anti-war movement, it did not seem to matter. Moral outrage over the war and the excitement of touching the conscience of the nation seemed sufficient to sustain people in their political opposition. But the capacity of established institutions, particularly the Presidency and the political parties, to weather this opposition and continue the war made radicals uneasy about the future of a political movement that was building only on itself.

Much of what has happened to the Left in the last three years can be described in terms of the blows it suffered as it moved away from its natural constituency of educated, white middle-class youth, and attempted to forge links with other groups. Indeed, the various divisions on the Left can, in part, be understood in terms of the particular mass base with which a given radical group would like to identify: the workers (orthodox Marxist-Leninists), Third World revolutionaries (Weatherman, et al.), or the Black Panther Party as the "vanguard" of American blacks (Peace and Freedom Party, etc.). On the other hand, the cultural radicals, who continued to suspect the reality of these proposed alliances, no longer seemed concerned about politics.

Abbie Hoffman had been a key figure in the fusing of culture and politics. In *Woodstock Nation*, surveying the split between them, he resembles a child whose parents have separated. He is sympathetic to both, angry at both for failing to remain together, and conscious that he alone now represents the union disunited. His own preference is for a politics built on cultural radicalism.

> Political revolution leads people into support for other revolutions rather than having them get involved in their own. Cultural revolution requires people to change the way they live and act in the revolution rather than passing judgments on how the other folks are proceeding.

He is saying that people's politics must have a vital connection with the social and political reality they experience in their daily lives. His mistake is to restrict that connection to those who have established "outlaw" communities or life styles. To oppose war making or racism of *one's own* country is completely different from envisioning oneself as part of the resistance offered by the victims of those policies. However, Hoffman shares with Mark Rudd a suspicion of any politics that is built around moral reaction to others' suffering. He differs from Rudd in his convictions that people can organize effectively only around their own suffering, and that those in th process of liberating themselves from the white middl class do suffer from real oppression. At the New Have Panther rally the following May he was to say, "the mo oppressed people in America are white middle-cla youth." He therefore attacks Rudd for lacking sel consciousness and self-awareness. "Mark Rudd is facin fifteen years on a drug bust and I talk about it mor than he does." Hoffman knows that white radicals ca never constitute an American branch of the Vietcong o of the Cuban revolution. Those who think they can ar deluding themselves and failing to recognize that "dee down they're hippies just like us."

But though a hippie, Hoffman is a political hippi and he could not at all be happy with a situation in whic "the Left was moving to Stalinism and the hippies wer moving to the country (as usual)." As a political activist he was concerned about the dangers of political isolation He notes that liberal financial support for radical politica causes was diminishing, whereas cultural radicalism wa proving very profitable indeed. Besides enjoying the pro ceeds from sales of rock albums, festival tickets and othe paraphernalia, the capitalists were learning to incorporat in advertisements the forms, language and artifacts of th hippies in order to appeal to young people and to thos who would like to have as much fun as their dreams tol them young people were having. In *Woodstock Nation* Hoffman describes how he tried to persuade the promoters of the festival to contribute part of the profits to movement causes. It is typical of so many of his enterprises— the Free Store, the Movement Speakers' Bureau, the guides on how to get free goods and services. All these activities are directed to the important and impossible goal of creating a self-sufficient radical community.

That community is a fantasy, a portent of a better but distant future. But much too often Hoffman forgets that and confuses his fantasy with present social reality. Cultural radicalism not only has its origins in the American middle class but persists in being a middle-class phenomenon. Who else can afford it? Large numbers of young people are giving their lives new directions, exploring new life styles, and abandoning the careerism and professionalism of the fifties, but few of them are severing completely their ties to the actual institutions of our society. Very few indeed will live in communes. When Abbie Hoffman tells college audiences that they should "drop out," they cheer him; but next day they return to their classes.

Failure to distinguish the real potential for change from his unreal exaggerations produces the major ambiguity that lies at the heart of Hoffman's book. On one side, he argues that cultural radicals are "outlaws"; their life style brings them automatically into conflict with either the legal system or social mores. That being so, their estrangement from society will intensify as the cultural radicals are harassed and jailed; and at the same time they will become more closely knit as they share a common oppression. On the other hand, Hoffman sees that the ambiance of hippie life can be easily assimilated into the consumerism of affluent society. Woodstock, on that level, becomes a weekend with entertainment in the country for some nice kids from the suburbs.

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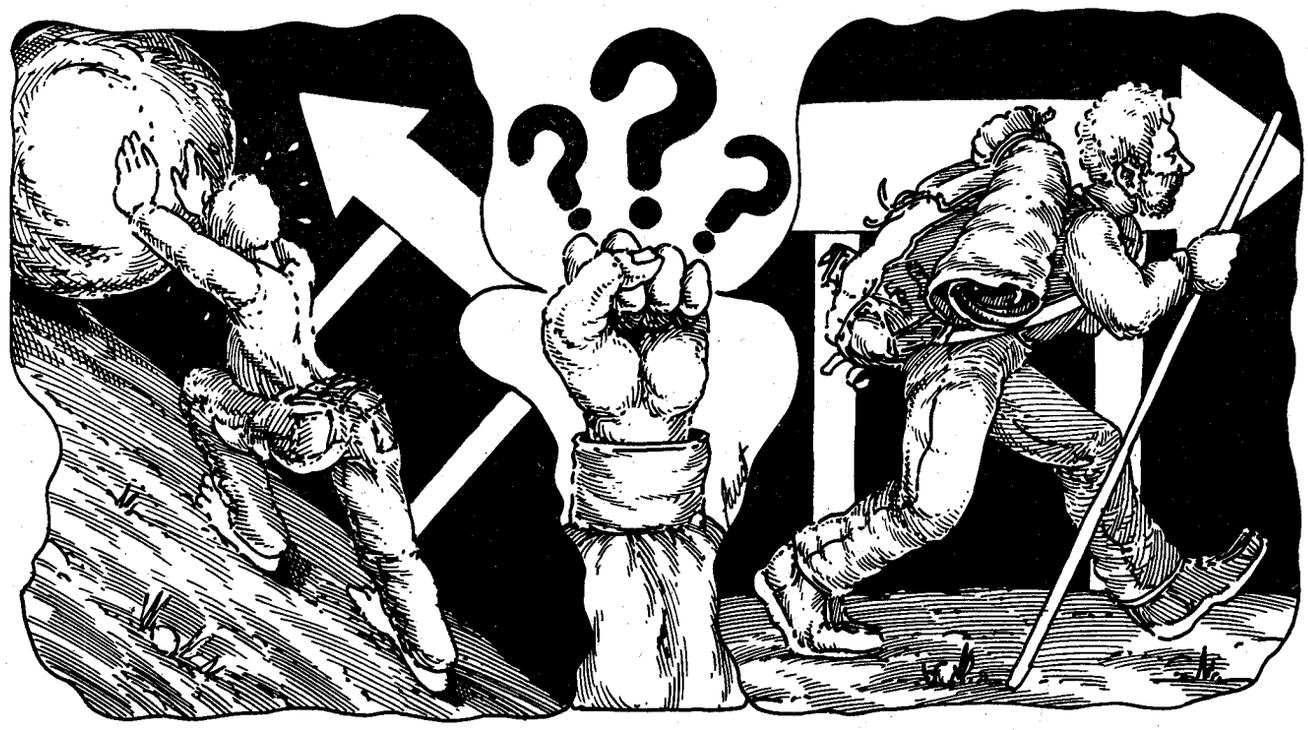

There was real poignancy in his aborted attempt to speak to the multitude gathered on the slopes of Bethel. He was flying on acid and brooding about John Sinclair who was, and is, serving a ten-year sentence in Michigan for possession of two marijuana cigarettes. Soft drugs flowed freely at Woodstock and no attempt was made to enforce the law. By speaking to the crowd of Sinclair, Hoffman would bring them back to the political reality they had forgotten. They would be reminded of a man whose youth was being consumed by the rigid enforcement of a stupid and repressive law. Sinclair was for Hoffman the symbol of what those at the festival had left behind—not only the problems of poverty, war and racism but a consciousness of their own struggle with the Establishment. In the end, Hoffman was not permitted to speak: the order of the day was "No politics here."

But at bottom how different is Abbie Hoffman from those he felt were ignoring their political commitments? Has he not, in his own way, also gone off to the country? He has repeatedly argued that he has been arrested and prosecuted for his life style, for what he was rather than what he did.

> When I appear in the Chicago courtroom, I want to be tried not because I support the National Liberation Front —which I do—but because I have long hair.

That position was echoed by several of his co-defendants, but did it happen? The prosecutors, to be sure, made hay over the defendants' personal habits, but that is the custom of prosecutors. Whatever the defendants came to think, they were prosecuted, not for their long hair and not even because they supported the Vietcong (a support which could not have any effective meaning in terms of political action) but because they actively opposed the war in Vietnam.

Opposition to the war—or to any other governmental policy—is not mere dissent. The latter is verbal or written criticism of acts and policies of state. And in a society in which the means of reaching large numbers of people are controlled by relatively few, dissent does not constitute a threat to power. Opposition, on the contrary, involves a real challenge to institutions. It consists of political actions which have the twofold purpose of exposing wrongs done by government and withdrawing the consent upon which the moral authority of the government rests. And, though the anti-war activists had become frustrated and impatient, they were putting a strain on the government and limiting somewhat its options at home and abroad.

Hoffman understands as well as any one the basis of radical politics. At his trial, he stated strongly the justification for civil disobedience:

> But when the decorum is oppression, the only dignity that free men have is the right to speak out. . . . We cannot respect a law, a law that is tyranny and a law that is trying us, and the courts are in a conspiracy of tyranny, and when the law is tyranny the only order is insurrection and disrespect, and that's what we showed, and that's what all honorable men of free will will show.

When he speaks that way he reveals his own decency and moral insight. He also states the feelings of a new generation that can no longer venerate or give unconditional loyalty to their institutions, because they have seen what crimes those institutions can commit. But when Abbie Hoffman says in *Woodstock Nation*, "I think kids should kill their parents," he not only violates that basic decency which consists in retaining some human bonds even with those you oppose but reveals a deep contempt for those he courts, most of whom share his opposition to the structure and policies of the government but who have neither the will nor the desire to kill their parents, ritually or literally.

I am not condemning Abbie Hoffman for some chance remark, gruesome as it is. Such phrases are characteristic of his theatrical flourishes and are based on his commitment to use the medium of art ("theatre of the streets") to engage people emotionally in politics, even if it means

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provoking hostility. There is a larger issue here. A constellation of experiences has produced a major error of the Left. In the first place, the experience of the intractability and unresponsiveness of political institutions has not only brought the salutary rejection of the authority of those institutions but has meant for many radicals that on principle they should not have any concern for any of the processes of government. This principle has cut radicals off from those around them. To replace the political reality they have lost, they have turned elsewhere—to the revolutionary societies in the Third World. But for American radicals these societies cannot be a field of political activity. They must act here or nowhere. Too many have, in effect and unknown to themselves, chosen the latter course.

This flight from political reality reinforces another tendency. Radicals have discovered deep layers of oppression in their institutions and repression in the accepted morality. They have become distrustful of the existing world and have sought in their imagination to discover new possibilities. Like radicals before them, they have learned that what is is not necessarily what has to be. But from questioning everything and seeing that anything is possible, many came to feel that everything is permitted. Street theatre as comedy is a magnificent political weapon. It holds institutions up to derision and makes the powerful seem ridiculous and contemptible. But when the hostility, aggression and violence ever present in our society become the substance of street theatre, a real danger arises. Such theatre does not represent the conversion of art into reality but of reality into art. Radicals, then, reproduce what they have always railed against: the turning of pain and horror into a mere spectacle—Vietnam as television entertainment. Violence as theatre or as play must be distinguished from real violence which hurts, injures and kills. Fantasy, imagination and speculation must halt before one reality—the living human being in his mortal flesh. The vision that does not take account of him is already dehumanized and can produce a world no better than the one we have always known.

• • •

But Abbie Hoffman is a gentle, restrained lamb in comparison to Jerry Rubin. In Jerry Rubin,

> *The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, everywhere*
> *The ceremony of innocence is drowned.*

Hoffman himself once described with considerable accuracy the distinction between the two of them. He wrote: "Jerry wants to show the clenched fist. I want to show the clenched fist and the smile. He wants the gun. I want the gun and the flower."

By all accounts, Jerry Rubin is a brilliant political organizer. In his book, *Do It* (Simon & Schuster), he shows intelligence, occasional tenderness and, of course, his famous manic wit. But these are secondary considerations if one is to take Jerry Rubin seriously—and I believe he must be taken seriously if America is to know its radicals and if radicals are to know themselves. This is not to say that Jerry Rubin is a typical radical, but he carries with him, unalloyed, the anger and rage of a decade of struggle. *Do It* reveals the smoldering rage that is present to some degree in every American radical.

Every radical knows that anger and rage as a bac ground feeling that boils to the surface at moments lil the Kent State killings. But in Jerry Rubin the emotio are always on the surface; they are his driving force ar the basis of his politics. Their explanation lies in tl structure of contemporary America and in its recent hi tory. The problems which have engaged radicals—racisn poverty and war—are obsolete problems; they should an could have been dealt with long ago. It is grotesque th in 1971 one still must assert against a recalcitrant politic reality that it is wrong for blacks to be treated worse tha whites, and that it is wrong for the most powerful natio in history to be concentrating its resources on slaughterin hundreds of thousands of Southeast Asians.

The buoyancy and elation of the first stages c the civil rights and anti-war movements came from th sense that they presented a moral issue but not a mora debate. The issue need only be revealed to the public an there would be change. In both cases, bitterness aros when the Left discovered how tenaciously older, outmode policies were clung to. Moreover, one should never forge how terrible a strain it has been for people to oppos actively the might of the state. There have been death in this struggle. Young men and women have spent tim in jail or in living with fear. Careers have been risked people have emigrated or cut their ties with their familie and their social roots. And yet the infamy continues.

Radicals lack a tragic sense and Americans lack one even more so. Actions are supposed to bring results; failure is not to be accepted. Is an American capable o acting with the foreknowledge that his act will not succeed? I return here to the theme of political frustration. Frustration could, of course, have provided a useful lesson. It could have brought about a deeper understanding of political power and social institutions and it could have purged people of their dreams of instant success. It could have led to a commitment to long-run effort, both within and outside the political system. Such a commitment to the long run is, of course, painfully hard in the presence of actual human suffering. What alone can justify it is that there is no real political alternative.

In Jerry Rubin one sees the triumph of the anti-politics of apocalyptic fantasy:

> When in doubt, burn. Fire is the revolutionary's god. Fire is instant theater. No words can match fire. Politicians only notice poverty when the ghettos burn. The burning of the first draft card caused earth tremors under the Pentagon.
>
> Burn the flag. Burn churches.
>
> Burn, burn, burn.

That is the cry of one who yearns with all his heart to act, to do something in the world. Violence is embraced as an equivalent of action. But for Jerry Rubin, violence is still fantasy—he burns nothing. As fantasy, violence becomes a mode of dealing with the anger and rage within. It is psychic satisfaction, but it is politically empty. Jerry Rubin, too, has gone to the country.

And because of the pervasiveness of this rhetoric, young people have been saying lately, "I don't believe in violence and I don't believe in electoral politics, so I cannot really be political." It is ironic that Jerry Rubin and many

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e him have re-established the traditional American defi-
ion of politics as either violence or elections. At the
ne time, this rhetoric supports those liberals and con-
·vatives who over the years have, loosely and wrongly,
ed the word "violence" to describe demonstrations, pro-
t marches and sit-ins.

So even more than Hoffman, Rubin has cut himself
from his own political world. He connects with his own
eams of destruction, with the Panthers, the Vietcong
d with the Cuban revolution, but how is all that related
concrete political acts? And how does it affect those
ry many Americans who are seriously troubled by the
olicies and structure of their government, and yet either
not identify with revolutionary movements abroad or
not even have a radical political consciousness? These
sues can best be discussed by turning to a more deliber-
e and systematic thinker, Tom Hayden.

• • •

om Hayden's *Trial* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) is an
tensive and penetrating analysis of the New Left. It is,
erhaps, the most brilliant book yet written on contempo-
ry American radicalism. Hayden exemplifies some of
e most important elements of that radicalism: he has
en a civil rights activist, student organizer, and local
mmunity worker. *Trial* displays the workings of an ana-
tic and considerate mind, grappling with some of the
ost complex issues of the age. He picks up, examines,
nd tries to do justice to all the various positions on the
eft.

His basic thesis is that the United States Government
as entered a new hard-line period at home and abroad.
he government has dug in to fight revolution in the
hird World and opposition at home. But the fury of the
ar in Southeast Asia and the domestic political repres-
ion, Hayden believes, are signs of weakness and symp-
oms of the collapse of the power of the American empire.
Hayden's analysis, thus, should spur radicals on to greater
nilitancy as they face new and grave threats. At the same
ime, he shares the traditional optimism of radicals, telling
hem that victory is assured, time is on their side. The
uthorities "can kill but never win." A small radical move-
nent, having few resources save its courage and its in-
ellectual and moral energy, which is in the midst of active
pposition to the United States Government, the military,
inance capital, heavy industry and the mass media, can
ll afford delusions of grandeur. Hayden's argument must
e looked at more closely.

Part of his optimism lies in the importance he attaches
o the generational conflict.

> The rise of an American student movement in the last decade is a revolutionary, not routine, event. . . . For the time being . . . "youth" is more important than "economic class" in analyzing the American struggle.

Hayden has here seized upon one of the most important
facts about American radicalism: that a significant sec-
tion of the middle class has defected from the very in-
stitutions to which they were heir. If the new and coming
generation is inherently radical, then one can confidently
await the future in which the present holders of power
are quite simply outlived. But the weakness in Hayden's
analysis is his confidence that college students will con-
tinue to be radicalized. When dealing with the young, it
is important to remember that new people are coming on
the scene all the time.

The student generation of the last decade was exception-
ally political, but their being political depended on the
development of places in which it was possible to be polit-
ical. Demonstrations, from marches to sit-ins, were a
means of involving people from the highly committed to
the marginally committed. The flexibility inherent in such
a range of tactics permitted the opposition to grow. But
gradually over the last few years, the highly committed
radicals have avoided any action which was not adequate
to their level of commitment. Those who have a concern
for issues but are without militancy no longer have a
place to act, since the initiation or organization of action
usually depends upon the most committed. The result is
that political radicals have become more and more isolated
and tend now to talk only to one another. On the other
hand, fewer college students seem to become politically
engaged. Last fall was an exceptionally quiet one on the
American campus. There is a good chance that the near
future will see a college student typified by a cynicism that
extends equally to the established political system and to
any political action whatsoever.

But optimism can produce a peculiar kind of blind-
ness, even in a careful and serious political analyst. Hay-
den talks of creating "free territories" (e.g. Haight-Ash-
bury, the East Village, etc.) of resistance. Whatever weak-
ness the United States Government has been showing, one
would think it will be a long time before it will lack the
power to take on the East Village.

Yet the real core of moral and political weakness in
Hayden's position is to be seen in his conviction that the
white Left must attach itself solidly to the cause of the
Black Panther Party. The very last words of Hayden's
book are:

> All those who value their own liberation must go with the Panthers and Bobby [Seale] as they become symbols of humanity making a time-honored stand: Freedom or Death.

The white Left has adulated the Panthers from the start.
Norman Mailer once perceptively observed that the black
Left has had more influence on the white Left than on
the black masses. The reason for the Panthers' hold on
the white Left is apparent: the Panthers are the only mili-
tant black group that is willing to enter into alliances with
whites, and white radicals, intensely conscious of the bit-
ter heritage of American racism, wish desperately to unite
with black people in the struggle against that racism.

Hayden, along with many radicals, does in thought what
the Panthers have certainly not been able to do in fact. He
sees the Panthers as representative of all black people. To
support the Panthers is to support the black people. To
oppose them is to oppose the blacks. It was a striking
characteristic of the Chicago trial that as it went on the
defendants tended more and more to subordinate the is-
sues of the trial to the Panther issue. Now it is true that
the Panthers have been brutally attacked by police across
the nation. But to defend the Panthers against these at-
tacks it is not necessary to approve of whatever they
may do.

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The debacle that this identification with the Panthers brought about was seen in the Chicago defendants' taking up the cause of the New Haven Panthers. The "facts are irrelevant," Tom Hayden announced in a speech on behalf of the accused Panthers. But if the facts are irrelevant then we no longer live in a common moral and political universe. Those who are "objectively" our friends are always good and right; our "objective" enemies are bad and wrong. In such a world, violence is indeed the only possible political relationship.

Hayden's statement, moreover, reveals that he had a shrewd notion as to what the facts might have been. In any event, they became clear in the trial that followed. A Panther, wrongly suspected of being a police spy, was tortured for several days and then murdered. Lonnie McLucas, a convicted and self-confessed participant in the act, seems to have been deeply disturbed by the crime, and one gets the sense that he was trapped by Panther rhetoric and the Panther mystique into a position where he was no longer capable of saying no. One dead, several convicted, others awaiting trial; all Panthers—these facts are supremely relevant, and one is permitted to ask what a group that does this to its own people can possibly offer to anyone else. Tom Hayden has the wisdom to know that in politics and morality means are ends.

> A radical movement always begins to create within itself the structures that will eventually form the basis of the new society.

Would Tom Hayden have the murder of Alex Rackley be part of the basis of the new society? If so, how many will want to join him in building it?

But yet, on another level, what does white radical support for the Panthers mean? One detects that for most white supporters it involves a psychic identification with the Panthers' guns. Once again, sustained political action is hard and, in terms of immediate results, unrewarding. Dreams of violence and destruction are comforting and satisfying for those whose deepest and coldest fear is that things will, after all, not change significantly in the foreseeable future. Has even Tom Hayden gone to the country?

Recent American radicalism came into being through contact with American political life. Political consciousness developed as even larger numbers of people, particularly college students, came to grips with some of the basic elements of American life and began to confront the institutions that sustained the policies which they rejected. The Vietcong did not teach Americans new lessons; Johnson, McNamara, Nixon, the March on the Pentagon, the 1968 Democratic National Convention and the demonstrations surrounding it, Berkeley—these were what created a new political consciousness. Any program for the revitalization of a radical opposition must concentrate on American institutions and a strategy that is relevant to the American experience. The time has again come to remember that fundamental political question, "What is to be done?" What am I to do tomorrow and all the rest of my tomorrows?

Too much of the recent debate on the Left has sounded like the argument, "Mine is bigger than yours." Each group tries to demonstrate its greater militancy and thus prove its superior radicalism. It is fortunate in this state of affairs that one can still turn to that most anomalous of radicals, Dave Dellinger.

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Dellinger's *Revolutionary Non-Violence* (Bobbs-Merrill) is a compilation of articles dating back to 1943. That, in itself, is remarkable. Dellinger is able to draw on an unusually long experience of being a radical. Always somewhat aloof from the old Left, he must have known depths of political isolation which younger radicals can hardly imagine. But most important, he has had the experience of acting when his acts could bring no immediate political result. Most notably, he served two prison terms as a draft resister in World War II.

Dellinger is unfortunately no theorist. His political analysis is uneven; sometimes sharp, sometimes flaccid. What he is, what he knows himself to be, is a political activist. He is, like all men, fallible in his political judgments. But he has a deep sense of what action involves and his radicalism is built around his profound understanding of the quality of the political act. "A potentially revolutionary movement becomes what it does."

The radical is a prophet and educator. By his actions, he is bearing "moral witness" to the wrongs of the society. At the same time, what *he* does bears witness to what could be. A radical movement must be an exemplary model of what an alternative society would be like. At their best, the civil rights and anti-war movements had such moral strength. And it was when they were at their best that they were attracting large numbers of people. The moral view which leads the radical into action must be present in the actions themselves. Again, there are no means, only ends:

> Now it is our responsibility to see that righteousness continues to be on our side, both in the objectives for which we struggle *and in the spirit and activities by which we carry on that struggle.* (Italics mine.)

Radicalism exists in the realm of spirit; it always has the quality of fantasy and of the ideal. Other political positions are rooted in the existing social and political reality; they correspond to actual interests. Radicalism belongs to the imagination and involves the vision of new possibilities in the world. Radicalism, thus, always carries with it the twofold danger that it will never connect with the world in which men live and that the unreachable goals it sets for itself will lead to paralyzing or self-destructive frustration.

Dellinger gently criticizes Martin Luther King for having fallen "into the trap of White House politics." He is right insofar as radicals ought not to accept the legitimacy and authority of institutions and should not believe them to be self-correcting. But I believe that Dellinger detaches himself too completely from the institutions in which not only most Americans but most radicals live out their lives. He realizes the need for democratization of both social and political institutions, but he does not fully appreciate the importance of some work within institutions.

The way in which a radical can connect his vision with the actual world around him is to take that world seriously. The politically conscious college generation of the sixties has now graduated. There are radicals in teaching, journal-

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ism, social work, city planning, medicine, law, etc. Full-time activists, such as Hoffman, Rubin, Hayden and Dellinger, cannot be models for these people. They must learn to create their own models. A movement whose only ideal is the person who stands completely outside the system will be hopelessly elitist and hopelessly small. In their working lives, radicals are now in a position to begin to make some real but limited changes in society. The directions in which they should move are toward greater internal democracy in their institutions and more direct institutional commitment to serve the needs of the community. Already hospitals and universities are feeling the pressures from a new politically and socially conscious staff. It is to be hoped that this trend will continue and be extended. Furthermore, this kind of action provides a diversity of models for younger people who want neither to drop out nor to end their political lives at graduation.

On the great national political issues, people like Dave Dellinger will continue to be invaluable. There is a charming irony in the new radical judgment that demonstrations don't work. Did the Left really believe the political system was so responsive that three to five years of demonstrations ought to have changed the government from its course? It will take persistent pressure and confrontation over decades to make any real change in the basic structure of American political life. The political tactics used in the sixties must be revived and made a permanent part of the political scene. Demonstrations should be understood for what they are, simultaneously acts of political pressure and of political education. Nor should more conventional political tactics be avoided on principle. The presence of a radical opposition should be brought to bear wherever it can be felt.

It is no accident that one of the few vital radical groups remaining is the Women's Liberation movement. Women's Lib uses a wide variety of tactics: sit-ins, marches, lobbying, electoral politics. It thus enables a broad spectrum of women to participate in a common politics: each woman able to choose the political mode she is most comfortable with. Women's Lib encourages people to work within their own institutions to break down patterns of sex discrimination. And the group is careful not to alienate its own potential constituency. This approach, which was once typical of the anti-war movement, is a good model to follow. Radicalism can return to the specific structures and institutions of American life or we can all go to the country. □

TRUTH IN LIFE INSURANCE

JEAN CARPER
Miss Carper is co-author with Sen. Warren G. Magnuson of a syndicated newspaper column on consumer protection, and of a book on consumer problems, The Dark Side of the Marketplace *(Prentice-Hall).*

Life insurance is one of the most sacrosanct and certainly mysterious of businesses. What began as a communal protection against unexpected death has, since the Middle Ages, grown into a gigantic industry, so complicated that many in the business can't understand it, let alone the innocent policyholder. And this arcane industry has remained almost free of meaningful criticism since the early part of the century, when the big Eastern mutual companies were wracked with scandal arising from mismanagement of funds.

But we are now in the age of consumerism, and life insurance is becoming aware of formidable opponents: long-silent academicians and professionals who can easily find their way through the actuarial labyrinth, and Congressmen who have the power to insist on reform. The industry is worried and has reason. For what the new critics are uncovering is the sordid picture of an aging industry, bloated and blemished by deceit and self-interest. The industry is characterized, say critics, by a host of tricky and exploitative practices: consumers are given fictitious price information; sales pitches and advertising are often misleading; gimmicky policies are put forward to confuse buyers and promote sales; the commission structure is rigged to force high-priced policies on unknowing buyers; profits go to lobbying on behalf of laws and regulations that prevent consumers from buying low-cost life insurance.

The current criticism was launched by a man guaranteed to send chills through insurance circles. Sen. Philip Hart is chairman of the Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, a champion of consumer causes, with a reputation for tough investigations into auto insurance and the world of credit. In a speech in October 1968 before a group of insurance lawyers, Hart charged that there is no competition in the life insurance business, since the pricing structure is so complex that buyers cannot compare policies or determine what they will ultimately pay for coverage. Hart complained that the premium was no guide, because it does not necessarily reflect the actual price—most particularly in the kind of policy most often sold: straight life, also known as whole life, permanent and "cash-value."

Essentially, there are two types of life insurance. One is term, in which the premium rises as the risk of death rises with age. It is "pure protection," or pay as you go, and is generally renewable only to age 65 or 70. The other is straight life, in which the policyholder is insured until he is 100 and pays a *level premium* throughout his lifetime. Thus, in the early years when the chance of death is small, he pays a considerable overcharge which builds up and is called "cash value." The company is legally required to refund the cash value if the policy is surrendered.

Cash-value policies are often touted by salesmen as a way to accumulate savings by paying excessive premiums,

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but Hart says there is no way for buyers to determine how much of their money goes into the so-called savings account and how much into paying for protection. The matter is further complicated because companies offer policies with varying dividend scales and "extras" whose dollar value consumers usually can't evaluate. So choosing a policy on the basis of premiums, says Hart, is "like buying a pig in a poke."

Knowing this, the industry uses what is called a "net-cost" method of price comparison. The agent adds up the annual premiums for twenty years, then subtracts the twentieth-year cash value and the sum of the dividends, if any, for twenty years. It looks good on paper, but the method is patently deceptive, says Joseph M. Belth, a professor of insurance in Indiana University's graduate School of Business, and a consistent gadfly to the industry. The "net-cost" procedure, says Belth, grossly underestimates the cost of insurance because it ignores the effect of interest which, when built up over twenty years, is considerable. The method can even produce the absurdity of a minus net cost, giving buyers the impression that the life insurance itself is free. Furthermore, by juggling their dividend scales companies can deliberately produce a misleading net cost.

In his speech, Hart told the industry that it would be wise to develop some meaningful price information. "If not," he warned, "watch for Truth in Life Insurance to follow Truth in Packaging and Truth in Lending through the legislative mill."

The industry got the point and immediately appointed a high-level committee of its own to study the situation. Its report came out in May 1970, and although some in the business thought the findings "dynamite" for so conservative an industry, it would in fact give consumers little more information than they had before. The committee's major conclusion was that "net cost" was not the most accurate method after all and that a new "interest-adjusted" method should be used to take that factor into account. But the report didn't respond to Hart's wish for a breakdown of the premium that would show consumers how much of their premium dollar was going into "savings," how much into protection. Nor did it consider other factors important in determining price: mortality rates and policy-lapse rates.

It is precisely into this area of price measurement, making accurate comparisons possible, that Belth has dropped his bomb. He has worked out a highly refined system which permits consumers to compare life insurance costs. His computations are exceedingly technical, and understanding them requires actuarial knowledge, but in the end they reveal a very important fact heretofore not grasped by life insurance shoppers: there is a tremendous price differential among various companies for identical coverage. As Belth points out, consumers usually assume that, since premiums are much the same, it doesn't matter which company you buy from. But some companies are more efficient than others, make wiser investments, and are able to offer cheaper insurance. Conversely, the waste and investment failures of some companies require them to charge high prices, which can be hidden in a cleverly devised premium. These are brought to light only under close analysis of the type performed by Belth.

Belth carefully compares the cost of the insurance with the benefits to the holder, and comes up with what he calls E-values (standing for expense). E-values represent the difference between what one pays in premiums and what one gets in benefits (amount of protection, cash value, dividends, etc.) over a twenty-year period. Belth ran an analysis of the prices of fifteen major companies, which he listed by name in the *Kentucky Law Journal* (Summer, 1969), much to the consternation of the industry. Here is how the price comparison came out on a $10,000 participating (dividend yielding) straight life policy issued at age 35. The lower the E-value, the lower the cost.

Company	*E-value*
Metropolitan Life	$617
Prudential	611
Aetna Life	588
Connecticut General	517
Lincoln National	516
Mutual of New York	505
John Hancock	491
Penn Mutual	465
Equitable of New York	463
Mutual Benefit	430
New York Life	428
New England Mutual	422
Massachusetts Mutual	390
Connecticut Mutual	326
Northwestern Mutual	276

If proper figures were available, the price structure of other life companies could be similarly analyzed, to give consumers a total "price sheet" for the industry. Belth has analyzed several other companies and finds that some are more expensive than Metropolitan and others are less expensive than Northwestern Mutual. Belth's contention is that such complete price information must be supplied to purchasers if competition is to work in the life insurance market. He believes that, when exposed, higher-priced companies would be forced to beef up their efficiency or investment returns and lower their prices.

But how low a price is low? Some critics believe that the commercial life insurance system is saddled by an enormous built-in expense that saps the premium dollar: the agency system of distribution. On a straight life policy, agents usually take 55 per cent of the first year's premium, plus 5 per cent on renewal premiums for the next nine years—a total of 100 per cent of the first year's premium. That standard has been set by law in New York State, and all companies doing business there must follow it, even for business written outside the state. Companies not selling in New York often let their commissions soar to 80 to 100 per cent of the first year's premium. But the commissions are only part of the agency expense; the turnover in agents is so high that companies must offer all kinds of inducements and extras to retain them. In 1969, for example, Prudential paid out $205 million in commissions, and an additional "compensation" of $25 million to agents and $55 million for "agency supervision," including trips to conventions.

The earnings of some agents are high—$100,000 a year—but for the most part, as one critic put it, "the

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agents are desperate men." Promised high earnings, they find they can't make a go of it, and one study showed that only 12 per cent of the recruited agents lasted in the business five years. Yet the money companies pour into a floundering agency system is a fantastic waste of the consumer's money. An executive of Excelsior Life found that to bring one recruit through his fifth calendar year companies were spending anywhere from $46,000 to $250,000.

There is no better evidence of the price-inflating effect of the agency system than the experience of the mutual savings bank life insurance (SBLI) which exists in Massachusetts, New York and Connecticut. In those states, low-cost life insurance can be sold over the counter by mutual savings banks, thus eliminating the agent's commission. The concept was invented by a crusading young lawyer, Louis D. Brandeis, and went into effect in Massachusetts in 1907. In the last six decades it has spread to only two other states, a tribute to the lobbying prowess of insurance agents in the state legislatures.

Consumers Union has long plugged SBLI as the lowest priced insurance generally available. And a yet unpublished study by Belth shows that the E-values of savings bank life insurance policies issued recently are indeed lower than those of any of the fifteen major life companies he studied. He attributes the lower price of SBLI mainly to absence of agents.

Much of the waste of the present system could be eliminated if savings bank life insurance were expanded to the fifteen other states which have mutual savings banks. "But," says Walter E. Rapp, executive vice president of Connecticut's SBLI, "whenever savings bank life insurance is mentioned in the legislatures, out come the lobbyists and agents en masse to knock it down." Attempts to establish savings bank life insurance have been defeated in Delaware, Maine, Maryland, Missouri, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Rhode Island. As Rapp says, selfish interest prevents consumers from deciding whether or not they want to use the services of an agent.

And it often appears that purchasers would be better off without an agent's advice. Herbert Denenberg, life insurance professor at the Wharton School, University of Pennsylvania, points out that the entire sales structure of life insurance encourages unethical practices. In particular, the commission rates are skewed, unknown to the consumer, to induce agents to push high premium cash-value insurance, whether the buyer needs it or wants it. The commission rate on term insurance is only 35 per cent, as compared with 55 per cent on cash value. And since the premium on cash value is always much greater—according to Consumers Union, generally three times greater than for term—an agent makes much more by peddling cash value. CU figures that a salesman selling a $10,000 term policy to a man of 25 would make $24.50 of the first-year premium of $70. But on a cash-value policy for the same man he would make $95 of a $190 premium. According to a recent analysis of thirty leading companies, 80 per cent of the ordinary insurance sold in 1968 was cash value.

The very least consumers are entitled to, says Denenberg, is a full disclosure of the commission structure. He points out that securities salesmen, who take a much lower commission, are required by the Securities and Exchange Commission to reveal the size of their commission to buyers. Furthermore, Denenberg would bring insurance salesmen under the "suitability requirements" that also apply to securities salesman. Selling anyone a policy ill-suited to his needs would then be a legal offense.

As it is, companies and agents claim to be "objective financial counselors," but in practice the pressures to sell and sell big often overwhelm objectivity. A prominent agent in Denver, for example, decided to push term because he felt it was best for people. ("It gives them the maximum protection for the dollar spent.") He was chastised by a letter from the state commissioner of insurance and finally dismissed by his company. An agent in Illinois, a member of the prestigious American Society of Chartered Life Underwriters, which has an impressive code of ethics, recently explained in print how he sold $650,000 worth of life insurance in six months by deliberately using a confusing sales pitch on rich but unsophisticated customers. According to a survey by Belth, the parent companies often forbid agents to sell the best policy on the market, if it means going to another company—and even if the parent company itself refuses to insure the individual in question. And millions of policies are sold on the lives of children, wives and single persons who don't need them.

As critics break through the industry's barrier of secrecy, they find that many of the practices are deliberately confusing or deceptive. Most companies carry dozens of different lines of policies, each with different provisions and gimmicks that defy understanding. Willis P. Rokes, chairman of the Department of Insurance at the University of Nebraska, stated recently: "Companies apparently find it profitable to confuse [buyers] with the proliferation of nonuniform, nonstandard policy forms . . . where a simple ordinary life policy may come under several dozen grandiose titles with a myriad of special features that confound the most sincere attempt at analysis." According to Denenberg, three simple types of policies—straight life, term to age 65, five-year renewable and convertible term—would meet virtually all insurance needs.

In analyzing price advertising, Belth has found numerous cases where the price was distorted by failing to take interest into account, making buyers believe insurance costs them much less than it does. In one instance, a company official admitted that confusing language had been used in a national magazine ad to imply falsely that his firm's insurance yielded an 11 per cent interest. Mary Gardiner Jones, a commissioner of the Federal Trade Commission, recently attacked certain life insurance advertising as offering a deceptive picture of price comparisons.

Denenberg this spring angered the industry by proposing that cash-value insurance per se is so incapable of being understood by buyers that it is inherently misleading and perhaps should be banned. The sales pitch he finds most deceptive is that cash value is in the long run much cheaper than term insurance because it does not entail the "prohibitively high" costs of later years. It is true, he admits that the annual premium on a term

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policy in later years may run several thousand dollars. However, he says, the so-called "prohibitive costs" of the later years—up to age 100—are figured in the level-premium of cash value too, and the person pays from the start. It is thus misleading to assert that a person who chooses cash value avoids paying the high price of protection in old age. (And he may, of course, die in his middle years.)

The industry, as reflected by its trade press, is full of surprises and alarm over the new consumerism. Groups in the industry are sponsoring conferences, symposiums, surveys to combat it, accommodate to it, find out what it's all about. The National Association of Life Underwriters declared that it would have to step up its pressure on the legislatures. CLU—the elite agents' organization—announced a new multi-media campaign to flood the country with films, editorials, feature articles presenting the industry's point of view. The gravest worry is that the federal government will insist on more regulation of life insurance. Under the McCarran Act, the industry is immune from federal interference; the law leaves regulation to the states. Nevertheless, the industry operates under state control at the sufferance of Congress, and should the furor over life insurance become loud enough, the McCarran Act could be amended or rescinded, as some think it should be.

In an editorial in its January 1969 issue, *The National Underwriter,* a weekly trade newspaper, listed as "Bigges Worry: the buildup for a Congressional inquiry int policy cost comparisons." Obviously, the man they were thinking about was Senator Hart. Hart is certainly still concerned about the misinformation and lack of information given consumers about life insurance prices, as is his expert committee investigator, Dean Sharp. Recently Hart sent a letter to the Department of Defense, urging it to make extensive, accurate price information available by company name to servicemen who now want to buy insurance from commercial companies. The Department hasn't agreed or refused; they are "studying the matter."

Hart's move is strategically more important than it might appear, for if DOD compiled such a list, that could open the way for identical price disclosure to the entire public. By a similar request former Sen. Paul Douglas convinced DOD to adopt full disclosure of credit charges, and that led to enactment of the federal Truth in Lending law.

More important—and what the industry fears most—a Truth in Life Insurance bill and Congressional hearings would provide *entrée* to a full examination of industry practices, expose the mess to public view and open the way for extensive consumer-directed reforms. □

DEATH SENTENCE

THE PRIMITIVE RELIC

ELMER GERTZ

Mr. Gertz, who practices law in Chicago, was chairman of the Bill of Rights committee at the recently completed Illinois Constitutional Convention; he is vice chairman of the Illinois Committee Against Capital Punishment. His most recent books are A Handful of Clients *and* Moment of Madness: The People v. Jack Ruby *(both Follett Publishing Co.).*

Chicago

When 1970 drew to a close, three and a half years had passed since anyone had been legally executed by the nation or by any of the fifty states. The last person so to die—his may become a historic name—was Luis José Monge, sent to the gas chamber in Colorado for murdering his wife and two children. In some states there have been no executions for more than a decade. At the same time, more than 550 men and women are confined in death cells in the various states that still retain capital punishment in their criminal codes.

No one is likely to be executed until the United States Supreme Court decides the pending cases that test the constitutionality of various aspects of punishment by death. Last June, the Court was expected to resolve the matter in the case of *Maxwell* v. *Bishop,* held over from the previous year. However, the Court disposed of the case on *Witherspoon* grounds alone, that is, it found that persons who expressed general scruples against the death penalty had been excluded from the jury. [See "The Death Penalty and Fair Trial" by Walter D. Oberer, *The Nation,* April 6, 1964.] When disposing of the *Maxwell* case, the Court accepted jurisdiction in two other death cases, *McGautha* v. *California* and *Crampton* v. *Ohio,* in which the same issues were to be determined as in *Maxwell* v. *Bishop*—the constitutionality of so-called unitary trials in which guilt and punishment are determined at the same time, and the absence of statutory or judicial standards for determining the imposition of the death sentence. It is probable that the Court will decide the issues before the conclusion of the present term in June 1971. If the decision is not made until June, four years will have elapsed without one execution in the United States.

The Court seems to be reluctant to consider the direct issue as to whether capital punishment in any and all circumstances and for any crime is constitutional. That argument stems from the ban on cruel and unusual punishment. It seems to fear the far-reaching consequences of what some Justices, past and present, believe is inevitable. In the end, facing the issue directly may well prove the easiest way out. The California Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of the death penalty by a vote of 4 to 3, when a dedicated opponent of the death penalty gave the decisive vote because he conscientiously felt it was a legislative rather than a judicial matter.

Justice Blackmun, who reluctantly wrote the Court of

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Appeals opinion in *Maxwell* v. *Bishop* affirming the death sentence, has openly expressed repugnance for capital punishment and has stated that, sooner or later this year, the Supreme Court will have to declare the punishment unconstitutional. A prime question is whether or not he will urge this viewpoint upon the Court in the pending cases. If so, the death penalty, except possibly for treason, will be at an end. But if the Court should reject the arguments in the pending cases, affirming the lower court decisions, there will follow mass slaughter—with hundreds being executed over a short period of time—unless *Witherspoon* can again be applied in the interests of mercy.

Some believe that the Court, without expressly invalidating the death sentence, wants to make imposing it constitutionally difficult, if not impossible. Thus in the *Witherspoon* case, the Court confirmed the conviction of Witherspoon, but set aside the death penalty because of the peremptory challenge of prospective jurors who had general scruples against the death penalty. In passing, in a mere footnote, as if to obscure the far-reaching effects of its ruling, the Court made *Witherspoon* retroactive, so that this principle will cause the setting aside of the death sentence in every case, no matter how old, in which jurors were rejected because of such scruples. Even in Illinois, where the *Witherspoon* case was first tried, the courts, at least until recently, have been very reluctant to follow the mandate of the highest court; in various states there has been the same or greater reluctance. The Court will have to enforce *Witherspoon* more rigorously and, indeed, go beyond it in order to achieve the purpose of reducing, if not eliminating, death sentences.

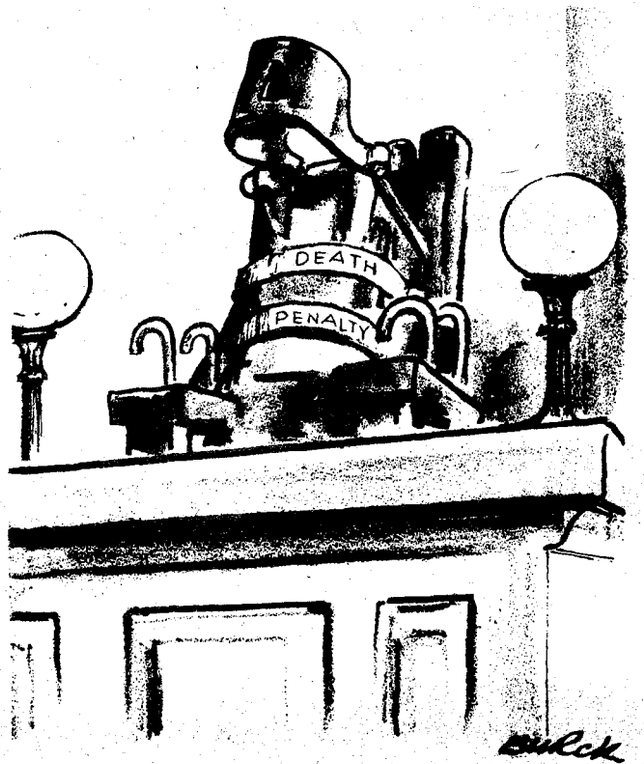
A so-called bifurcated trial, in which first the question of guilt is considered and then the question of punishment, may not accomplish any decisive result. After all, California now has that system and is one of the states with the largest number of death penalties. A court in Chicago recently tried an accused in a bifurcated trial without the aid of statutory or judicial standards. The result was a quick conviction and an equally quick recommendation of the death penalty. The explanation was twofold: the accused was black and his victim was a police officer.

It was argued before the Supreme Court recently that the requirement of statutory or judicial standards for the imposition of the death sentence might increase, rather than lessen, the number of such verdicts. This is an argument of convenience rather than reality, as is the argument as to whether or not the penalty has any deterring effect. Those who want to keep the barbaric institution alive come up with every kind of relevancy and irrelevancy.

It is unfortunate that the Solicitor General of the United States, Erwin N. Griswold, has seen fit to argue strenuously against the *McGautha* and *Crampton* contentions. His position is in marked contrast to that of former Atty. Gen. Ramsey Clark, who urged Congress to abolish the death penalty. Mr. Griswold's brief runs to more than 150 pages and comes to the conclusion that there is no constitutional impediment to the affirmance of the convictions in both cases. His is the historical argument that because standardless juries have been sanctioned in the past, their ancestral smell has still the odor of sanctity.

It would be an easy matter to set forth all the many arguments against capital punishment and to contrast them with the very few rational reasons for retaining this extreme form of social retribution. Some of the best minds of our day have already marshaled the evidence—Albert Camus in France, Arthur Koestler in England, penologists and poets here and abroad. The context of the argument is far different from what it was. It is no longer theoretical. There is the omnipresent fact, already mentioned, of about 550 persons awaiting imminent execution unless the dilemma is resolved by some formula that will prevent a national disaster. Canada has recently demonstrated that even at a time of unbearable strain, as in the senseless kidnapping and slaying of a cabinet minister, a nation can keep its bearing. Parliament there refused to restore capital punishment, even when limited to such extreme cases. Our Supreme Court can be at least as enlightened as our northern neighbor.

When not long ago I ran for election as a delegate to the Sixth Illinois Constitutional Convention, I tried to sample public opinion on various issues that I foresaw were likely to agitate the convention, such as the Revenue Article, the selection of judges, the short ballot and the like. Almost as an afterthought, I asked for views with respect to the abolition of the death penalty, expecting that in this period of preoccupation with law and order there would be a decline in the number of those favoring abolition. I received all sorts of comments about the necessity for better law enforcement, protection of police officers and the public—the gamut of reality and folklore with respect to the safety of the nation's streets and



Chicago Sun-Times

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homes. At the same time, and much to my surprise (we tend to underestimate the good sense of the people), the majority of those in my district favored abolition of the death penalty.

Upon election, I was appointed chairman of the highly charged Bill of Rights committee, which considered many issues relating to law and order, including punishment after conviction. Some evidence was heard with respect to capital punishment but, in the end, many of us feared that the issue was too explosive for a Constitutional Convention and that we should not imperil the success of the entire document. Again much to my surprise, when the Bill of Rights was submitted to the convention, a proposal was made from the floor that it include abolition of the death penalty. There was no time for gathering forces or the usual politicking, yet the proposal was defeated on so-called first reading by the narrowest of margins. It was obvious that if there had been any campaign on behalf of the proposal, it would have carried. Immediately thereafter, some delegates who had voted against abolition voluntarily stated to me that if there were a proposal for separate submission to the voters of the matter of capital punishment, they would vote for it. Thereupon, we launched a low-keyed campaign for such separate submission and, on second reading, we prevailed. By the time of the third (final) reading, even some of the strongest opponents of abolition voted with us, so that the matter was to be decided by the voters on December 15, when the entire constitution was to be acted on. It was one of only four separate submissions considered apart from the constitution as a whole.

Much thought was being given as to what sort of campaign, if any, ought to be launched to secure voter approval. The prevailing hunch was that if too much enthusiasm was shown, the opposition would be aroused. It was also felt that the result would depend upon the climate of opinion at the moment.

If a plane should be hijacked, a campus building bombed and any occupant killed; if a police officer should be killed from ambush or a child die in atrocious circumstances—if there should be any homicide of high emotional content—there would be a clamor for the death penalty, even if there is no evidence that the death penalty would, in any instance, have acted as a deterrent. It is emotion, not reason, that sanctions the institution of capital punishment.

Despite all our plans and cautions, the people of Illinois voted against the abolition of the death penalty on December 15. This has not stopped Rep. Robert E. Mann and others from insisting that it is still possible to persuade the legislature to declare a moratorium on executions for a reasonable period of time, during which there can be a real, practical test of the efficacy of capital punishment.

In my *amicus* brief in the *Witherspoon* case, I concluded that just as the witchcraft laws remained on the books long after they ceased to be enforced, capital punishment may remain in name, long after it has disappeared in fact. I suggested that this is not good for society. We ought not to preserve our pretensions. We should not be afraid to declare that capital punishment is at an end. As a new year arrives, we are right to hope that the Supreme Court will have the courage to speak for all of us and sweep into the past this relic of primitive justice. □

WILL BOEING CONVERT?

THE HELICOPTER BREAD LINE

JOSEPH C. GOULDEN

Mr. Goulden, a Washington journalist, has written books on AT&T and on the Gulf of Tonkin incident. His latest book, The Money Givers, *a study of foundations, will be published by Random House in early 1971.*

Delaware County, Pa.

Two and three years ago, at the peak of the war in Vietnam, some twenty big Chinook helicopters a month (the exact figure remains a military secret) rolled off the production lines of the Boeing Company's Vertol Division here. Vertol occupies a cavernous gray building just down Woodland Avenue from the Penn Central's Morton commuter station, and during rush hours the blue collars bound for the Boeing parking lot reminded the commuters bound for the city that a war was on. Boeing employed 13,000 production and professional people at Vertol and at another plant in Tinicum—this one for commercial air frame assembly—5 miles away on the banks of the Delaware.

There isn't nearly so much traffic around the Morton train station these days, although commuters are as thick as ever. The 13,000 Boeing jobs have melted, swiftly and incessantly, to 6,000; by spring, according to one estimate, the work force is expected to be down to 3,000. And Boeing crews are now in the process of shutting down the Vertol plant altogether.

The closing infuriates a spokesman for the persons most directly affected by it: the skilled workers formerly dependent upon the production line for their livelihoods. John Taylor is in his fourth year as president of Local 1069 of the United Auto Workers, which during the lush war years had 7,000 members working at Boeing; 4,000 of these men are now jobless.

"We received ninety-two layoff slips this week," Taylor, a stocky, redheaded man in his late 30s, told me one recent December afternoon. The previous day the Senate had voted down further SST appropriations, so Taylor was perhaps bluer than usual. "That cost us another 200 jobs," he said, "because we had sub-work lined up at Tinicum. But we did get a break Thanksgiving week. There wasn't

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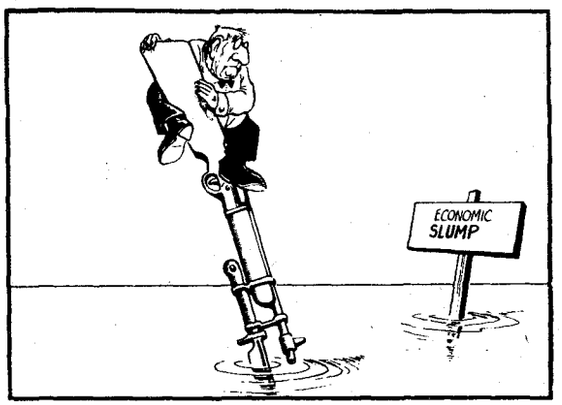
ngle person laid off—the first week in a year we didn't thirty to 100 men."

Ie made a sound that was supposed to be a laugh. It ly wasn't; instead, it was an exclamation of mixed : and frustration, of helplessness in the face of visible ster.

'aylor is working feverishly these days to persuade Boe- to try—even *try*—to find something for his jobless W members to do. Supplemental unemployment bene- are long exhausted; more and more men are letting lth insurance lapse because they can't pay the $31.40. ɔse still in the area make do with the "lousy $60 a :k" of state unemployment benefits. Taylor isn't sure v many have found marginal jobs as filling-station at- dants and bartenders. "Our members live as far away Allentown, Vineland [N.J.] and Baltimore. I'd like to a mail survey to see how they are doing, but the local o busted we can't afford it."

ɔo in talks to community groups, in letters to area news- ɔers, in conversations with anyone who will listen, from ential college student allies to roaming journalists, John ylor is urging that the Morton plant be converted to :cetime use.

Not that Taylor is a peacenik. "That's not the is- ," he told me. "What you've got to realize is that this



Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

:at big machine has been built up—I mean the defense lustry—and that 3.8 million people have come to rely on it for jobs. The peace marchers used to come out re and picket Vertol and ask the men to stop working in e death industry.' They missed the point. Our people ınt jobs—they don't care whether they are building heli- pters or bathtubs.

"My argument is that there are thousands and thousands unused square feet of production space at the Vertol vision that could be used to produce low-cost housing on production line basis. Or rapid transit equipment. Mass ınsportation in our country stinks. With the proper ef- rt, Boeing could easily produce rail cars, buses and her sorely needed equipment. All sorts of things could done—medical equipment, such as kidney machines; vices for air and water pollution control. All that is :eded is some imagination and some initiative."

Boeing officials react, Taylor charges, with ho-hum indifference when he preaches conversion. Early in 1970, he and the Philadelphia architect Oscar Stonorov (later to be killed in a plane crash with UAW President Walter P. Reuther) had long discussions on the feasibility of building low-cost modular housing units at Vertol. Taylor and Stonorov even scouted a potentially lucrative market for the units: the Eastwick urban renewal area in southwest Philadelphia, which despite ten years of intensive promotion remains a lonely, sparsely occupied stretch of quasi-reclaimed marshland.

Eastwick is 6 miles from Vertol. "One problem in modular housing is the transportation cost. Hell, we build helicopters here that can carry several Sherman tanks. Oscar and I had the idea of using Boeing-made helicopters to transport Boeing-made modular homes to Eastwick. Drop them right on a slab and connect the utility lines, and a family can move into them the next day."

Taylor outlined this scheme to a Boeing official. "He thought a while and finally said, 'But think how many units of housing we'd have to sell to make as much money as we do on a single helicopter.' "

Somewhat the same attitude is found in formal company statements. Boeing president T. A. Wilson, in an October statement directed to Vertol workers, said he believed "the long-range view for this business is excellent. The population is growing and it is increasingly mobile. Once an expanding economy permits these factors to operate freely, more airplanes will be needed—both to accommodate new segments of the market and to replace older, less economical aircraft. . . . To abandon our established position in this field would be folly. Nor do we believe it would be wise to turn our backs on the fields of space and defense, for we do not think this nation is going to withdraw from the exploration of outer space or dismantle its defenses."

Conversion is not a simple matter either, Wilson maintains. "It is not easy to become established in a new field. And those fields to which Boeing's capabilities might be adapted already are occupied by reputable companies with the required technology, facilities, manpower, money and marketing outlets."

Wilson's conservative appraisal of conversion tends to confirm a finding reported in September by a Senate subcommittee chaired by Sen. Abraham Ribicoff (D., Conn.). After surveying major defense firms the subcommittee concluded:

> . . . that private industry is not interested in initiating any major attempts at meeting public needs. Most industries have no plans or projects designed to apply their resources to civilian problems. Furthermore, they indicated an unwillingness to initiate such actions without a firm commitment from the government that their efforts will quickly reap the financial rewards to which they are accustomed. Otherwise, they appear eager to pursue greater defense contracts or stick to proven commercial products within the private sector.

Taylor puts the same indictment in worker language: "Defense companies such as Boeing are going to have to be shoved into conversion—they're not going to do it voluntarily. Boeing has one itsy-bitsy little experiment going on housing. You know who's money they are using on it? Not theirs, by a long shot. HUD practically forced Breakthrough funds on them.

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"Modular housing isn't all that complicated—we could tool up for it in a hurry. Look, even if we should land some big new aircraft contract, which we aren't, it would take two to three years to go into production, to provide some jobs. Except for conversion, the only thing that is going to save our jobs is to resume building Chinook helicopters. And you know as well as I do that just is not going to happen.

"I'd like to have the Morton plant myself, and $1 million to tool up for modular housing. I'd be a trillionaire."

What, then, could and should be done to prod companies such as Boeing out of the military-industrial complex? One solution proposed, by Sen. George McGovern (D., S.D.), recognizes that the present situation differs from 1918, 1945 and 1953 when, as he puts it, "the problem was one of *reconversion* rather than *conversion*." In previous wars, firms left their normal businesses to produce military gear, and were eager to return to civilian markets because of pent-up demands for consumer goods.

"Today," McGovern says, "the free civilian market place is a mystery for businesses that have produced almost exclusively for the military for nearly thirty years." For areas dependent upon military spending, peace is a "mixed blessing [that] will mean economic depression, a deteriorating tax base, and a big share of the work force unemployed"—as many as 5 million persons, directly and indirectly, from defense alone, according to McGovern's estimates.

"Unlesss alternatives for war industry are found," the Senator fears, "we may find ourselves one or two years from now casting routine votes for more outlandish military devices than anything we can even conceive today, done with the usual proclamations about 'national security' but with an even keener sense of the potential for economic collapse among our constituencies."

In October, therefore, McGovern introduced a bill (S. 4430) requiring that 12.5 per cent of each contractor's profits from defense and space work be set aside as a conversion reserve, to be held in trust by a National Economic Conversion Commission. These funds would finance conversion plans developed by the contractor, and pay benefits to workers who might suffer hardship during the changeover to civilian production.

The incentive to the contractor is that his own profits are involved: if he develops a plan, he gets back his money; if he doesn't, profits go for worker benefits. A carrot goes along with the stick. Once a contractor has converted, the reserve is returned to him tax-free. Thus he gets back the equivalent of nearly twice as much as he put in—his own deposit plus the amount which normally would have been charged to him as taxes. The bill has provisions for loans to the contractor from the reserve during his conversion, and incentives for him to use his old defense facilities in any new enterprise.

McGovern drafted the legislation after becoming convinced the Administration has no real game plan for conversion. Mr. Nixon's own statements have been rather ambiguous. In his inaugural address he said: "We shall plan now for the day when our wealth can be transferred from the destruction of war abroad to the urgent needs of our people at home." But in his economic message of Jur 1970, Mr. Nixon said: "The cuts in defense spending mea a shift of job opportunities away from defense productic to the kind of production that meets social needs. *Th will require adjustment for many employees and bus nesses.*"

McGovern interprets his latter statement as a "beli that government's role is limited to simply pulling mone out of defense and, perhaps, applying it elsewhere, wit some small measure of help to impacted people and area . . . Defense industries are encouraged to write off an close down their surplus productive capacity, and the com munities involved are left almost entirely on their own i a quest for new business."

Men such as the UAW's John Taylor are miffed tha Congressmen who were hawks on Vietnam, reflexivel voting for every hardware appropriation requested, a doing nothing on conversion. Taylor charges, for instanc that Rep. Lawrence Williams, the Republican whose di rict includes Delaware County, "has done absolutely noth ing to help the workers at Vertol." The UAW worked har to defeat Williams in November, but failed.

However, rank-and-file resentment is not directe against such men as Williams who helped build the wa machine-that-went-dry, but against doves and anti-milita rists who have been instrumental in dismantling it. No les a friend of labor than Joseph S. Clark was bruised b UAW Local 1069 when he proposed defense cuts tha would have reduced Vertol production—and this durin a campaign for re-election. (Clark told me recently tha he made peace with the UAW before Election Day, an that the tiff wasn't a factor in his defeat.) Blue collars ar mad because they think Fulbright, Proxmire, Church, Mc Govern and like-minded legislators are responsible for end ing their jobs. They seem to have little sympathy for th long-range goal of reduced militarism in America; the point out that their immediate welfare is at stake.

Taylor thinks Boeing shareholders are a force tha could jar management into significant steps toward conver sion. Local 1069 holds a token number of Boeing share which gives Taylor access to annual meetings. He intend to beard company officers on conversion plans; he is mull ing the idea of soliciting proxies for a formal resolution o the subject that would direct management to find new area of work. But all in all, he behaves like a man at his wit' end.

The Walter Reuther Memorial Building, Local 1069' headquarters—low-slung, modernistic, brick—exudes pros perity: conference rooms, a vast assembly hall with seat in festive decorator colors, private entrances off the park ing lot for union officers, soft music piped over soft car pets. The building cost $250,000, and Local 1069 dedi cated it in June 1970, well after the crash had begun. Th staff is now down to John Taylor and one secretary—fo out-of-work members don't pay dues. As I was preparin to leave, Taylor began idly copying wedding engagemen notices from a local newspaper. Why?

"We send cards to the families offering to rent our hal for receptions; we even do catering. We've got to do some thing to stay alive." □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Inventing a War

EVEN FIREFIGHTS IN VIETNAM. *Office of the Chief of Military History, United States Army. Superintendent of Documents. Government Printing Office. Washington, D.C.*

WILLIAM EASTLAKE

Mr. Eastlake's latest book is The Bamboo Bed *(Simon & Schuster).*

This book is "A preface to the full military history of the war in Vietnam" that is already in preparation by our War Department. It is not meaningful to call it the Defense Department. The American military hasn't defended anything American for a generation now, but it has killed our youth in foreign wars, defending tinhorn dictators against the wrath of their own people.

The seven firefights in Vietnam, beginning with the account of a black officer, Major Cash, of the fight at Ia Drang, usually end with an American victory. These recitals contrast with Bernard Fall's battle reports of the French fights against the same enemy. Fall's accounts usually end in disaster. In selecting these particular battles, are the military bringing out our best efforts or are they trying to show the Americans winning where the French lost?

In the fight at Ia Drang, as in most of the other firefights, aircraft (something the French did not have) played a leading role: "At 0755 Moore directed all units to throw colored smoke grenades so that ground artillery, aerial rocket artillery and tactical air observers could more readily see the perimeter periphery, for he wanted to get his fire support as close as possible. As soon as the smoke was thrown, supporting fire was brought in extremely close. Several artillery rounds fell in our perimeter and one 105 jet, flying a northwest-southwest pass, splashed two tanks of napalm into our area, burning some of the men and exploding M-16 ammunition stacks. While troops worked to put out the fire Captain Dillon rushed into the middle of the zone and laid a cerise panel so that our strike aircraft could better identify the area."

But, as usual, our defense was successful and—"By 1000 the enemy's attempts to overwhelm the area failed and the attack ceased."

At the end of the battle there is a picture of Colonel Moore examining the enemy dead. There are no pictures of the American dead, although there were seventy-nine Americans killed in the fight. It is interesting that among enemy casualties there are listed 581 estimated dead. As to how this figure was arrived at, your guess would be as good as Major Cash's.

Firefight number two, the convoy ambush on Highway One, also differs from Bernard Fall's French disasters. His article on the French convoy ambush ended with complete annihilation of the French outfit. John Albright's firefight ends with the line: "National Highway Number One remained open." Again it was the jets and the helicopters to the rescue. "The arrival of the jets in a battle that was only eight minutes old brought pure joy to the men crouching in the ditches."

A convoy ambush is not a hit-or-miss operation. The insurgents—or the "unfriendlies" as they are called in Vietnam among other things, in an attempt to generalize about the various forms of VC and NVA—set up a carefully arranged ambush long in advance. It is not something out of a Western movie with Indians hiding behind the rocks. In this case, the convoy ambush on Highway One, the preparations had been going on for weeks, months, in advance. The enemy consisted of two battalions and headquarters of the Fifth VC Division, 274th Regiment. The ambush was laid in a wall of jungle grown up around an old French rubber plantation and banana grove, which afforded concealment for approach and withdrawal. The Vietcong commander placed his main force of 1,000 men in concealment. Seventy-five-millimeter recoilless rifles close to the road covered the area of the ambush killing zone. Farther back in the banana grove were more recoilless rifles and 82-millimeter guns for supporting fire. Heavy caliber machine guns were scattered through the killing zone to take on American helicopters and jets. A well dug-in regimental headquarters at the top of the hill overlooked the entire area of the killing zone. Bunkers were built along the route of withdrawal against air attacks. More bunkers were built along the road for defensive positions. When the ambush was sprung, part of the American convoy managed to get through the killing zone, but the convoy was cut in half. Air support arrived quickly. The battle continued throughout the day. "Colonel Howell then directed the squadron to coil around the ambush site for the night."

And so the war goes. We lost four trucks, seven men killed, and two armored personnel carriers lost. But the conclusion that National Highway One remained open is simply not true. "Remained open" suggests that the war is over. No highway in Vietnam remains open if it takes a convoy of jets, a swarm of helicopters, an army of tanks to get from one part of Vietnam to another.

The ambush at Phuoc An is of a different kind. Each side ambushes the other on trails, dirt roads, any place the enemy is coming or going. We call those we are ambushing "enemy terrorists." These ambushes are more expedient and less carefully planned than a convoy ambush, but are frequently just as deadly. This is how most of the fighting in Vietnam is carried on, small units attempting to trap small units. Frequently the ambushers are ambushed by the ambushed. The ambushes in the seven firefights in Vietnam end O.K. for us, but where is the war? One has the feeling that this kind of thing can continue for 100 years, always ending as does the ambush of Phuoc An: "There was no further sign of the Vietcong." But what about tomorrow?

The last firefight in the book is called the Gunship Mission. What we think of the religious shrines of Asians, and how the war goes in that regard is best brought out by a conversation between ground and air on the last page of the book.

> "Okay, Chad, we'll work over the pagoda and around it initially. Got it?"
>
> "Roger," radioed Payne. "But let's make sure we're looking at the same pagoda. I see one not too far behind it at a greater range. Let's be sure, Jim. Over."
>
> "Is this pagoda we're talking about on the west side of the road?"
>
> "That's affirm. You'll see an abandoned truck out in the road in front of it. Over."

Both pilots search for the vehicle but to no avail.

"I can't see the vehicle from this

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angle but I believe it's a yellow or cream color pagoda, isn't it?"

"That's affirm."

"Are you picking up a lot of fire down there? Over."

"Enough."

"From the pagoda itself?"

"We're receiving an awful lot of small arms fire from the general area. You can start any time, and the artillery has been turned off. Over."

"No sweat. We'll start our run at this time. Out."

He fixed the target through the infinity sight mounted directly in front of him and, as the pagoda loomed ever closer in the reticle, pressed the firing button slowly three times. The helicopter shuddered as the rockets left it. From the pagoda base black smoke rose and fragments of masonry flew in all directions while Payne's two door gunners laced the area just forward of the target with M60 fire. Petit radioed his satisfaction.

"You're doing a fine job. Keep it up. Over and out."

And so the war goes and goes and goes. Maybe it will never be over and we will never be out. Our "victories" will continue as our defeats endure.

When did we lose the war in Vietnam? We lost it, as General Gavin suggests, when we got involved. It was another disastrous political decision. The American military could not possibly win in Asia, any more than the Germans could have won in Russia after the politicians' decision to invade was dumped on the Wehrmacht.

We shall begin winning wars when we stop fighting them. Just as Germany and Japan have gone on from victory to victory, so we have gone from defeat to defeat. They have learned from their defeat, while American leaders have become ignorant and arrogant with victory. The pattern will not change until we learn that survival of ourselves and this planet is political and economic, not military; moral, not expedient; a matter of understanding, not contempt; concern, not self-serving—something that depends on the emancipation of the human spirit, not the point of a bayonet à la *Seven Firefights in Vietnam.*

Only the other day when Nixon was making a public relations deal with the Pope he announced with all the weakness of the President of a banana republic, "I fly from here to the most powerful fleet in the world." Which would cause a lot of laughs in Europe if these were not the same people who made the mistake of laughing at Hitler. Our Sixth Fleet is worthless so close to Russian rocket bases, as is our army in Vietnam, so close to Asian wrath. We are fighting our seven firefights under the guise of bringing democracy to Asia. The recent election we held there was a fraud in which everyone could run for office but the opposition, and it could have fooled no one except MacNamara's Band and the ghost of Teddy Roosevelt. Meanwhile, despite denials, the defoliation continues, napalm rains supreme, and the tragic comedy of the seven firefights in Vietnam continues, despite the revulsion of the world and the alarm of our military at being sucked into such an immoral trap that they are ashamed to wear the uniform.

Counterpointing the firefights in Vietnam are the bombings at home. Stop one, you stop the other. Nixon wants "victory" in Asia for which he will accept war at home. The student would rather die here defending what he believes than die in Asia. But let us return to the seven firefights in Vietnam for which you have already paid your $100 billion entry fee.

"To the soldiers who took part in the actions these narratives will afford an opportunity to see more clearly beyond the fog of battle what happened to them as individuals and as a group." Tragically not true. What was happening to them was happening in secret in Washington. Deals were being worked out to extend the war into Laos and Thailand, and to invade Cambodia, deals that would lead to American defeat, depression, inflation, riots. An undeclared war in Asia would be decided by the undeclared war at home. The war in Asia has already cost 1 million deaths. But this "full military history of the war" will not deal with most of them, only with the senseless death of 50,000 of our own youngsters.

Within these narrow lines these volumes will do an excellent job, if this first work is an indication of those to follow. The writing is clear, succinct, and keeps the military jargon to a minimum. The topographical maps are helpful. The book provides an overall perspective of matters tactical and strategic. From what I learned at first hand about the war there, these battles have the ring of truth. But will the American people believe anything about the war? They have been lied to for so long by succeeding Commanders in Chief. Johnson: "No American will fight in Asia." Nixon: "I have a plan to end the war." Right from this high level down to the army's falsity about enemy KIAs, political corruption ends by corrupting all. I see by today's paper that a general was awarded a silver star for an action that was invented by army public relations. If we can invent a hero or a President by public relations, why can't we invent a war? We did.

This volume and the following volumes will not mention how the war was lost, any more than military histories will tell us how we finally lost the Spanish-American War after backing successive military dictators south of the border for over half a century, until we lost the possibility of friendship with Cuba as we will finally lose the friendship of every country in South America. The arrogant American Presidents' be-

ON THE DEATH OF MY SON

In memory of Buck E. Albright
Killed in action in South Vietnam
Friday, May 23, 1969

This is no way for youth with dreams
To die. Those eyes so full of wonder
And of love for all. Eyes that saw
Beauty and the hope that still exists
Amidst the hell of hate and prejudice.
Hands that could draw and paint
This world—now stilled forever.

He was an artist grinning at the world,
Laughing at truths behind the moneyed lies.
And now there's just the world and he is gone.
How youth is killed—that is unspeakable.
Only the fact should be announced.

The only hope is that the village
In which he died will live again,
And seated upon the green and blooming
Earth, parents will tell their children
Of the war, and of the enemy who died there,
A gentle cover for his terrible wounds.

Robert Albright

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lief in the success of the Monroe Doctrine finally led to its application in Southeast Asia. We can learn something from our defeat in Asia. The 50,000 of our own that died there will not have died for nothing if their deaths can lead to our withdrawal from South America before it is too late. Another 50,000 lives will be saved, perhaps another million of the innocents.

Will there be another series of books like this one about our boys fighting in the jungles of the Amazon? I don't think so. If the American Army does not revolt against the politically imposed losing wars, then the American people will, because the people must. As an American soldier told me outside of Dok To, a man who could have been a participant in any one of these seven firefights in Vietnam: "If we keep this up there ain't going to be no planet left for anybody nowhere." Ah, victory! How do you like those apples? □

The Patient as Non-Starter

PROFESSION OF MEDICINE: A Study of Sociology of Applied Knowledge. *By Eliot Freidson. Dodd, Mead & Co. 409 pp. $12.50.*

PROFESSIONAL DOMINANCE: The Social Structure of Medical Care. *By Eliot Freidson. Atherton Press. 242 pp. $7.95.*

GEORGE A. SILVER, M.D.
Dr. Silver is executive associate of the Urban Coalition and professor of public health at the School of Medicine, Yale University.

These two books are related: *Professional Dominance* is a collection of essays reflecting the range of issues connected with providing medical care and such questions as medical sociology concerns itself with; *Profession of Medicine* addresses itself particularly to one of the issues in considerable detail.

Since so much of what we read about medicine and doctors is wildly partisan or polemical, it is a welcome change to have these more dispassionate accounts. And it is especially important to have the analyses and observations of such a social scientist at a time when we are called upon to make great decisions about the organization and financing of medical care.

Because the two books are really of a piece, I would like to touch on some key health issues and explore how Freidson's discussions illuminate those issues. Right now, comprehensive health services, "socialized medicine," and prepaid medical care, are getting a good deal of political attention. In an article in the pages of this journal (June 8), the gap between political promises and their fulfillment in terms of the availability of medical services has been stressed. Without question, national health insurance will be a cardinal political issue right through the 1972 elections. In this context, Sen. Edward Kennedy's bill (S. 4297) is the most detailed of the half-dozen already under consideration, and with the eventual support of the AFL-CIO and a good many community organizations, it should prove to be the focus of discussion on the entire subject.

These books make it clear that such a bill cannot remedy our deficiencies. Looking at medical care as a social function, Freidson takes a relatively neutral position—that the medical profession has the responsibility to improve people's health. However, he sees that the profession has succeeded in redefining its function to suit its own needs rather than those of society.

> Social policy is coming to be formulated on the basis of the profession's conception of need and to be embodied in support for the profession's institutions. But if those conceptions and institutions no longer conform to the public's conception they have lost their justification, for their justification lies not in their objective truth but in their connection with the values and usages of their society and their clientele. Professional "knowledge" cannot therefore properly be a guide for social policy if it is a creation of the profession itself, expressing the commitments and perception of a special occupational class rather than that of the public as a whole.

Emending Clemenceau, it may well be that medicine is too important to be left to the doctors. Unfortunately, we cannot escape the problem through that ironic profession of faith.

> The client, lacking professional training, is thought to be unequipped for intelligent evaluation or informed cooperation with his consultant. Essentially, he is expected either to have faith in his consultant and do what he is told without searching question or else to choose another consultant in whom he does have faith. . . . Such insistence on faith, I believe, rests on more than the purely functional demands of an effective therapeutic or service relationship. It also neutralizes threats to status. . . . If he must justify himself to a layman, the professional must use grounds of evidence and logic common to both professional and layman and cannot use esoteric grounds known and subscribed to by the profession alone. Insistence on faith constitutes insistence that the client give up his role as an independent adult and, by so neutralizing him, protects the esoteric foundation of the profession's institutionalized authority.

Clearly, patients have been marked as non-starters in the leadership race. That fact is only one expression of the crucial and growing role of the expert in our society. He is beginning to take over, along with his computers, technologically complicated inventions, and esoteric knowledge. We don't want him to take over—we want to use him—but we are at his mercy, because he has information that he jealously guards. Medical practice offers a paradigm of this dilemma, and however the new laws are written, it will obviously be difficult to keep the doctors in line, to lessen their control over the nature and quantity of their work and its application.

There is much more relating to this question in both books—presented with a density of texture that cannot be too easily summarized or simplified. But in Chapter 2 of *Profession of Medicine,* "Political Organization and Professional Autonomy," a great deal of further explanation is offered: for example, the role of the American Medical Association and of hospitals in controlling professional behavior, thereby adding another layer of authority between the "law" (which prescribes that people be given medical care) and reality (deprivation of medical care for many). And in another chapter, "The Professional Construction of Concepts of Illness," Freidson shows how difficult it will be to organize a service that is responsive to clients so long as the professional consultant controls the ground rules and the changing of them.

In *Professional Dominance,* the chapter on the "Ordering of Health Services" goes over the question from another viewpoint:

> In the case of professions, autonomy apparently refers most of all to control over the content and the terms of work. That is, the professional is self-directing in his work. . . . Second, an occupational group is not likely to be able to be self-directing if it cannot control the production and particularly the application of knowledge and skill in the work it performs. . . . Third, a code of ethics or some other publicly waved banner of good intentions may be seen as a formal method

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> of declaring to all that the occupation can be trusted, and so of persuading society to grant the special status of autonomy. . . . Thus, most of the commonly cited attributes of professions may be seen either as consequences of their autonomy or as conditions useful for persuading the public and the body politic to grant such autonomy.

There is unquestionably a certain pitchman quality in all professions, and not least in medicine. Cool dissection and deflation of its claims may be a very necessary first step in establishing a better order of medical and health services. We tend to be preoccupied with the question of cost in framing legislation in matters of health. Freidson's analyses suggest that it would be wiser to pay attention to the structure of the medical profession, and its special view of its interests, before we legislate. Else the public may find itself no better off than before, only poorer.

Another important issue closely related to delivering health service is the matter of manpower. What kinds of health service workers do we need, how shall they be trained, who shall train them? Medical education, in particular the training of doctors, has been a special preoccupation for almost thirty years. At first, the representatives of professional organizations argued that there was no shortage of doctors, just some minor problems of "distribution." Eventually the American Medical Association came round to accepting—and denouncing as a government failure!—the fact that there were too few doctors available. Its solution: shorter training, more pressure on medical schools to increase "productivity," physician assistants. Now, these are not bad solutions; they are simply not applicable, given the present structure of medical practice and the research-oriented medical schools.

Along the same lines, in the recent excellent publication from the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education, *Higher Education and the Nation's Health*, important and far-reaching reforms are proposed. Again, without eliminating fee-for-service practice and solo practice, and without restructuring the faculties of medical schools (or at least their orientation, which may amount to the same thing), it is doubtful that these ends can be accomplished. Good intentions are not enough. Freidson says:

> While the profession's autonomy seems to have facilitated the improvement of scientific knowledge about disease and its treatment, it seems to have impeded the improvement of the social modes of applying that knowledge.

Both these books provide an enormous amount of information about the social structure of medical care. Together, they present a broad picture of the problems involved and the complexity of the solutions required. For example, of the great stress now being put on the education of para-professionals (which, incidentally, the Carnegie report insists must be carried on under the aegis of the medical schools), Freidson has this to say:

> But in the present scheme of things no effective and widespread program using such workers is possible without the active cooperation of the dominant profession. . . . Available studies are fairly clear about the existence of hierarchy in the professional health organization and about a decrease of participation in decision-making the farther down the hierarchy one goes. Neither the ends nor the means of their work seem to be a matter for legitimate determination by lower-level workers. . . . The paraprofessional worker is, then, like the industrial worker, subordinated to the authority of others.

Without a wholly different approach to the role, responsibility, career opportunities, status and reimbursement of para-professional workers, it is hard to see how adding such workers will improve the quality of care or satisfaction for the patient.

It is to the patient that Freidson addresses himself, finally, in formulating a design for a health service that will be professionally suitable, satisfactory to the public, and economically achievable. That chapter of the *Profession of Medicine*, "The Limits of Professional Knowledge," in which he reviews this issue extensively, might well be called a brief for the client.

> When service to the community is defined by the profession rather than the community, the community is not truly served.

Earlier he had pointed out the ironies implicit in this situation, with special reference to the case in which the doctor himself is the client, i.e., the patient:

> Such a client is notoriously troublesome . . . the physician is a notoriously poor patient. The professional is a poor client precisely because he knows too much.

To organize better services, clients will have to be as knowledgeable as their physicians. The education of the consumer in the intricacies of the organization and delivery of health services must precede any effective legislation; that is the only hope for effective legislation.

Many professionals are so enchanted with the "beauty" and "rigor" of their formulations that they forget the human focus of their work. Sociologists, too, are not above this as they strive to create "typologies," "value-free systems," and the like. As a student of the sociology of medicine, Freidson has escaped this curse. In his account, the medical profession appears to be far removed from an orientation toward human needs. Freidson's recommendation is to apprise the public of the fact, and so bring the profession of medicine back to its historic task. □

A Literary Meditation

DOWN AT THE SANTA FE DEPOT: 20 Fresno Poets. *Edited by David Kheridian and James Baloin. The Gilgia Press. 143 pp. $2.*

WILLIAM SAROYAN

Mr. Saroyan's latest book is Days of Life and Death and Escape to the Moon *(Dial).*

Everybody's writing poetry, and everybody should be writing poetry, and William Jovanovich points out that it just won't do for everybody to be a published writer. In other words, it won't do for the act of writing and the act of publishing to be the same act—instant poetry, instant prose, instant publication. Who's going to read all this stuff, brought about by the typewriter, the Xerox machine, and all of the other duplicators, Bill J. asks. Well, who's reading anything available in books right now? The answer is very simple and a paraphrase of the old chicken-thief story: "Nobody but us writers." And how well are we reading anything that isn't our own, or the work of a friend or a friend of a friend, or somebody? Well enough, most likely—but the fantasy of literary works getting the hell out there to the world and to the people at large, for fame and fortune for all sorts of people, most of them really irrelevant to the action, is astonishing only in its uncanny power to persist. This whole century (and not just the last decade or two) might be accurately identified as the Age of Unread Literature. There has been a

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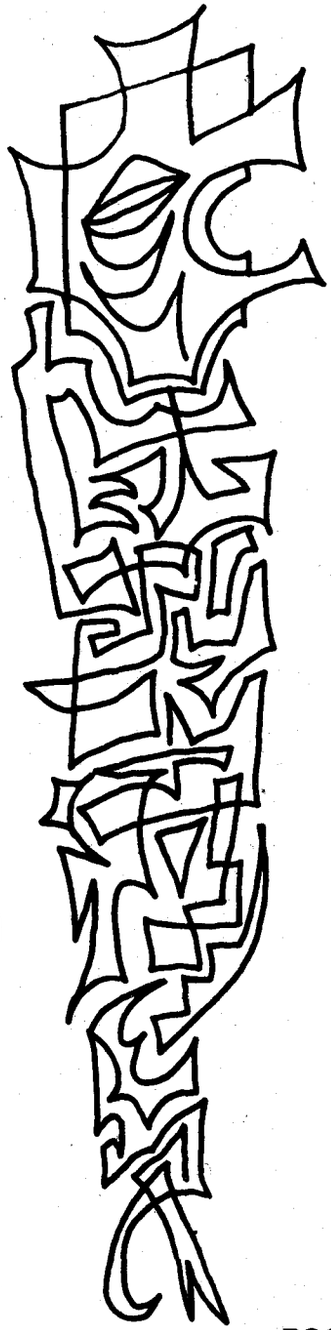

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lot of good and bad life to live for everybody—some of it far worse than simply bad. Who needs literature for that? And in any case, for the liberated (through literacy, let's say), the important thing is to be able to talk about books, never mind reading them. If reviews don't tell you enough about the hot books, the blurbs do, and you're off to the Literary Talk Marathon Races. A book of trash sells a million or more copies in all editions over a period of about a year, and a few people talk about it. (The worst that can happen is that you honestly point out that not only haven't you read the book, you didn't read a review, or the blurb, but you are thrilled that a big publishing house, lately owned by Emperor Norton's Second Cousin Busy as a Bee Doing His Dollar Arithmetic Away Up in the Thousands of Millions, is dragging down a net profit on the book of around a simple half a million, while the excited writer on the late night talk show confesses that now that he is famous and rich, it's nice, it's really nice (but only for himself, possibly not even for his mother). And Nixon is Nixon and President, and somebody else is somebody else, and what happened to literature, what happened to art, what happened to poetry, what happened to humanity, you might even say? Nothing, the same as ever. Well, here's this very wonderful book with the stylish business-like catchy title of *Down at the Santa Fe Depot* (doesn't mean anything): poems by about two dozen people who have lived in Fresno or live there now, and there is a photograph of each of them and a biographical or autobiographical note about each of them—and good white paper and good print. I have my copy and I like having it, and I open it from time to time and read the poems. I wish more people would get out books like this in other places like Fresno. It's not the coming thing, it's the finished thing, but I'm interested in such things. You may be, too. Buy the book; it won't change your life, but you know nothing will in any case. □

He Kept a Sword Upstairs

UNCOLLECTED PROSE OF W. B. YEATS, Vol. I: First Reviews and Articles, 1886-1896. *Edited by John P. Frayne. Columbia University Press. 437 pp. $17.50.*

BEYOND BYZANTIUM: The Last Phase of Yeats's Career. *By Arra Garab. Northern Illinois University Press. 133 pp. $4.95.*

CHARLES MOLESWORTH
Mr. Molesworth teaches English at Queens College. He has published poetry and criticism in Salmagundi, Poetry, New American Review *and* Genre.

If artists are the priests and martyrs of our secular religion, then their lives must be models to guide meditation, to inspire devotion and awe. Rimbaud's exile and Hart Crane's suicide are examples of biographical events which symbolize aesthetic vision (or the lack of it). They are supercharged events whose causes, consequences and significances will, we trust, shed invaluable light on the art of those shadowy agents who performed them. Yeats himself, who proposed the choice between perfection of the life or the work, however imperfect his life may have been, has provided his readers and critics with a near-perfect template for the artistic career.

The ten years spanned by the reviews, articles and stories of this useful collection reveal a Yeats torn by many interests and sporadically motivated by several half-formed theories and goals. These pieces should do much to clarify, and perhaps even correct, our picture of Yeats. Irish nationalism and French symbolism are the poles around which Yeats's interests revolve at this time. These poles are obviously antithetical in several important respects, and the book is a vortex of Yeats's ideas struggling against one another. From Clarence Mangan to Paul Verlaine is a great distance for any young poet to travel in search of a literary father, even a poet as resourcefully contradictory as Yeats.

Almost all of these writings deal with Irish literature, many of them being reviews for such dour periodicals as *United Ireland* or the *Irish Fireside*. Also included are letters to the editors in which the literary feuds of the day transpire. Here Yeats is busy denying the need to write in Gaelic, or attacking Edward Dowden of Trinity College, Dublin, for not vigorously defending Irish Literature. Some of this material is parochial and ephemeral, but Yeats's own writing is deeply influenced by the brashly proclaimed assumptions behind nationalistic literature. "Fatherland and song": Yeats says in 1886 that these two "linked and arduous" thoughts can alone "make the perplexities of life grow dim." Escapism played a major role in Yeats's early artistic development, and his turning to Irish literature reflected a desire to find a more heroic age than his own from which to draw subjects and attitudes.

But even while founding the Irish Literary Society, Yeats was a member of the Rhymers' Club. The Rhymers were, of course, Decadents, and they had taken up as a battle cry that term which had been thrown at them in reproach. The cosmopolitanism, the passivity, the immorality that marked "the school of the sunset," as Verlaine called it, were qualities foreign to Yeats's Irish interests. (This conflict is recorded in "Hopes and Fears for Irish Literature" and "Nationality and Literature," the two most interesting articles in this collection.) Yet in this ten-year period we can see Yeats move from nationalism to symbolism, as he was later to move beyond the Rhymers to his more mature work. Shelley and Blake are among the influences which cause this shift to symbolism, and the Blakean notion that "the whole business of man is the arts" is pervasive.

If the "fatherland and song" of nationalism are far removed from symbolism's concern with self and magic, there are transcendent interests which unite the two movements (Celtic fairy lore is one, perhaps too-obvious, example). Another interest, which for the developing Yeats was paramount, develops directly from his escapism. This issue is the life of poetry, indeed the question of its survival, in the modern world. For Yeats, being one of the last romantics meant living in an urban, industrial nightmare where the cry of the heart and the dream song of the imagination were scarcely audible. In a review of that storehouse of symbolist belief, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam's *Axel*, Yeats lamented: "It is not 'Ecclesiastes' but the sordid and jangled utterance of daily life which has saddened the world." If it were true, as he claimed in reviewing Arthur Symonds' poems, that "every emotion is, in its hidden essence, an unfallen angel," then the poet must escape the fallen world and fly, either to the Tir-na-og of Irish myth or the recesses of his own exacerbated sensibility.

As these clear patterns emerge in Yeats's early prose, certain inconsistencies arise as well. Never as rabidly nationalistic as some of his compatriots, Yeats qualified his commitment to Irish literature from the start. He was after a sensibility, not a politics; that is why the promotion of the Gaelic tongue was not a crucial issue to him. And he knew that if he were to be a great poet he would have to be more than "merely" Irish.

He says in 1886, "But as Lord Tennyson's ideal women will never find a flawless sympathy outside the upper English

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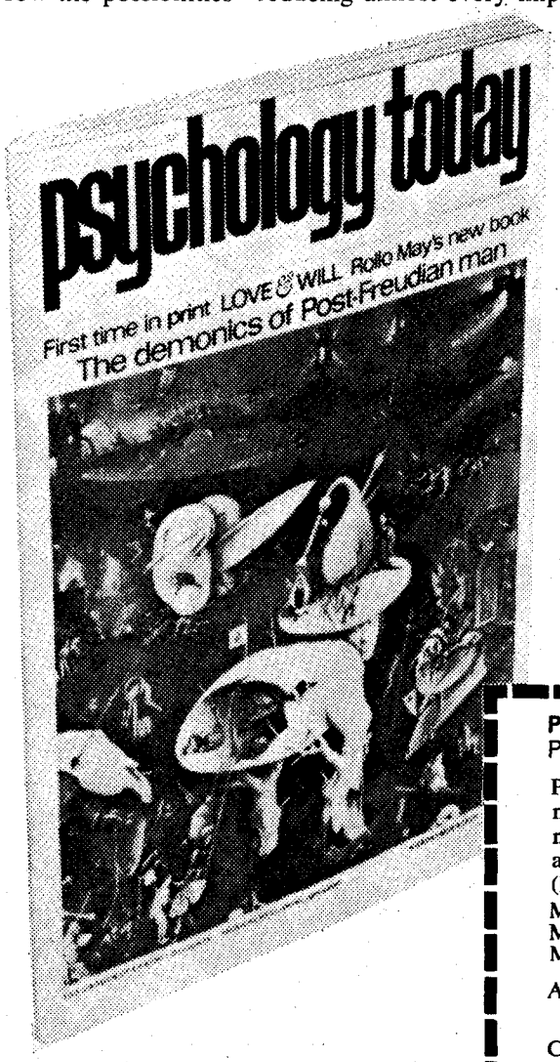

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middle class, so this Deirdre will never, maybe, win entire credence outside the limits—wide enough they are—of the Irish race." He qualified that stand in many ways, but Yeats is the master of vacillation. Similar inconsistency characterizes Yeats's symbolist phase as, for instance, when in 1893 he criticizes a poet for not treating directly of his experiences as a customs officer, a theatre manager and a postman. Yeats seems to be calling for a direct, precise rendering of experience rather than the evocative, indirect method of the symbolist aesthetic.

Yeats was probably often self-conscious about what may have been parochial limitations rather than national strengths, just as he was probably always aware of the "foul rag-and-bone shop" of the heart even as a pre-Raphaelite. But in order to make a recognizable "career" out of a jumbled and often self-defeating life, the critic must smooth over such inconsistencies and heighten the patterns. Nevertheless, John Frayne's tempered and informative introduction and head notes do give an admirably accurate picture of Yeats's life as well as his career.

The early Yeats as reviewer and critic is totally unrecognizable in the aged, world-renowned artificer of Arra Garab's *Beyond Byzantium*. Mr. Garab's Yeats is very much the product of Yeats criticism and Yeats idolatry, a man seen almost exclusively through his poems as if they were intended as parts of a systematic psychological autobiography. (Harold Bloom's brilliant recent book on Yeats should help to reverse some of these trends.) Poetry *can* be the evidence of a man's life, or even the intersection of his life and his struggle to record it, but all too often the poems that are explicated and the self that is imagined to be behind them suffer woeful reduction from too neat an ordering.

Garab's method is dominant in much current academic criticism. He describes it as his intention, "aside from extensive explication . . . to discover an emergent dominant idea, elicit from it related ideas, and relate them to a specific thesis concerning the development of Yeats's world view." Such an approach, essentially thematic, is limited because it tends to treat ideas as objects, and is prone to pursue a "specific thesis" at the expense of aspects of an author's work which may be more important though harder to specify. In this way, we get a trajectory instead of a career.

Both Frayne and Garab have occasion to quote the following view of Yeats about his own earliest verse:

> . . . that it is not the poetry of insight and knowledge, but of longing and complaint—the cry of the heart against necessity. I hope someday to alter that and write poetry of insight and knowledge.

This is admirably self-perceptive of Yeats, though he said it in 1888, and it is possible to contend that he didn't fulfill his goal for another twenty years. But who can say that the mature Yeats, the poet of "Among School Children" and "Leda and the Swan," was not writing a poetry of longing and complaint? Garab's thesis is that Yeats's last poems are a celebration of "tragic gaiety," embodying a romanticism tempered by a true "vision of evil," and culminating in a "reconciliation with 'Time.'" But isn't all this equally true for Yeats's poetry in the twenties and even earlier?

"The simple triumph of trying to be a total man was Yeats's final accomplishment." So Garab summarizes the poet's work beyond the artistic success of the Byzantium poems. All this sounds a little tired, and it is. Garab is unfortunately capable of saying that Yeats "consummates the melodious beguilement of the reader by enveloping him in a swirl of dream dust." This is coughing in the ink.

After many such infelicities, however, this book does have something to offer. It draws our attention to a neglected portion of the *Last Poems* and demonstrates how that final volume of Yeats's work is fruitful in so many particulars. In his penultimate chapter Garab "extensively explicates" a little-discussed poem sequence of Yeats's *Last Poems*, called "The Three Bushes." Now this sequence is a delightful piece of work; yet it is hardly the "symbolic construct of consummate artistry" that Garab claims. In order to fit the poem into his thesis, Garab must slight Yeats's commentary on the poem, reproduced in *Letters on Poetry from W. B. Yeats to Dorothy Wellesley*. While mentioning these remarks of Yeats, Garab fails to see that "The Three Bushes" was begotten as much from the poet's sense of mystery as from his sense of "existential reality." Yeats also uses the poem to flirt with Dorothy Wellesley, saying that the mystery "touches the genitals, a blurred touch through a curtain." Does this not suggest a romanticism that Garab argues Yeats had left behind? The critic's need to establish Yeats's "world view" has led him to neglect the inconsistencies that occur in most human utterances outside of systematic philosophy.

But Garab is only succumbing to the need to make poets over into images that are coherent and recognizable. Yeats himself, in one of his early reviews, defined rhetoric as "the triumph of the desire to convince over the desire to reveal." It is the advantage of poetry that it remind us that such a triumph must always b partial and temporary. In the end, th poet convinces us only by revealing, how ever fitful and contradictory that revela tion is.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Steven Tesich's first professionally pro duced play *The Carpenters* (America Place Theatre) is simplistically symboli It is nonetheless interesting. Its surfac is quasi realistic. "Father" (he is give no other name) is a carpenter who live with "Mother" in a ramshackle house c which only the kitchen-dining cubicle ever seen in full light. Their daughte Sissy, lies on her bed in perpetu lethargy. In another, even more obscur part of the edifice, the elder son, Mar recently flunked out of college, sits brooc ing. Waldo, the younger son, is a "re tard," dreaming always of going off t Oregon to mess about with animals in th freedom of the great spaces. Mother, in sulated by household duties, rarely say anything.

Father is an unimaginative but well intentioned man, forever engaged in th humdrum routine of his work and th private solace of replaying tape record ings of family fun of former times. Ther is little communication among the mem bers of the family. There's somethin amiss with their house; it is falling apart Suddenly Father learns that a bomb ha been placed in the cellar amid the dis carded junk of the past. Father know (without explanation) that Mark has pu the lethal instrument there in order t kill him.

In a "man-to-man" talk with his son Father asks Mark why he wants hin dead. Their home is governed by a neve defined but unchanging pattern of whic Father is the designer. No one unde such conditions does what he desires o even knows exactly what he wishes to do For Mark, fatherhood means nothin more than a biological fact. Father i just an idea, a dead weight.

Father protests. He has always beer forbearing and permissive—within limits "Will you let me go to bed with Sissy?" Mark asks. The boy doesn't know whether he really wants to do this; he only wishes to determine how much license his father will allow. Or, Mark challenges, will his father, to break all the ancient disciplines, make love to his own daughter? Only by smashing the accepted barriers will the boy ever come to

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scover his own truth. And since Father nnot lend himself to such anarchy ark believes the parent must *go*.

Everyone agrees. Even Mother would relieved if Father were to disappear. ot since the early days of her marriage is she felt any real warmth and con-ction with him. Father now under-ands the situation, but he cannot, will ot, change. And he is too strong to passive in the face of his family's reat. "You cannot destroy us" (the owers that be). "You will have to build ound us." When Mark tries to stab s "old man," Father strangles him and eeps over the boy's dead body.

The message is clear, the dialogue di-ct, the effect for all the unproblematic ture of the telling is not without force. Of considerable help to the total im-ession is the acting of Vincent Gar-nia, whose ordinariness as a type and gor as a player make him, as Father, e pillar of the production. The others, pecially Jon Korkes as Waldo and lenn Walken as Mark, aid in sustain-g the rough structure of the whole. ert Lundell's setting balances the de-ands of a complex ground plan with e reality of place and the essential ed for atmosphere.

Marguerite Duras, who wrote the enario for *Hiroshima, Mon Amour,* has ritten a play, here entitled *A Place ithout Doors*. Its American première, a good translation by Barbara Bray, as at New Haven's Long Wharf Theatre st November; it is now being given at ie Stairway Theatre, 236 West 46 Street. is a provocative play but probably fficult for the casual playgoer.

The difficulty arises from the fact that larguerite Duras cultivates ambiguity. s this tendency to veil meaning is now dulged in by certain French play-rights, novelists and film makers—and itated elsewhere—one comes to suspect at the manner too often conceals an tenuation of matter, emotion and ought. Generally there is more mood an drama in them; they strike one as otes for novels or plays, rather than mpleted works. But a little reflection ows that *A Place Without Doors* has s own form and rightness. It is rather ore incisive than at first glance it ppears to be.

Its background is that of a mysterious urder committed in France in 1966. ieces of a woman's body began turning p in various parts of the country. Fol-wing confrontation by the police, Claire annes, a married woman living in the nall town of Virone, confessed that she ad hacked up her cousin, Marie-Thérèse ousquet, a deaf mute who had lived ith the Lanneses for many years.

There are three characters. In the first half of the play, an investigator (he is either a psychiatrist or a writer) questions Claire's husband, Pierre Lannes. In the second part, the investigator questions Claire herself.

Pierre is an unexceptional French burgher, moderate, reasonable, uninspiring. He married Claire because of his strong sexual appetite for her. She had previously been in love with a policeman in the town of Cahors. On the rebound from that affair, she married Pierre but remained disquietingly cool and remote—so "absent" in feeling and in daily contact from him, and from almost everyone else except a Portuguese worker named Alfonso, that Pierre began to believe her somewhat mad. But slowly, as he calmly recites the facts of his life with Claire, he comes to understand that his wife might even more "justifiably" have murdered him rather than her cousin.

Pierre's conclusion becomes clearer in the interrogation of Claire. What has driven her mad is the quality of the town they have lived in for twenty years. Anyone who has visited those nondescript villages, which tourists speed through on the road from Paris to the beach resorts, or who has seen Robert Bresson's films which picture their torpid drabness, will understand her torment. There is no dream or surge of vitality in these places: most of the inhabitants behave like ambulant corpses who wish to remain invisible. Claire's only hope was that Alfonso might fall in love with her, as she and the policeman in Cahors had once been in love. But it did not happen.

Claire's derangement then may be set down to absence of affective life in the village environment: she is locked in the dumb constraint of a bourgeois marriage which is the concentrate of the surrounding nullity. Every day, after setting her room neat, she spends most of her time in the garden where she could at least think of things interesting to her. But, she says, "I wasn't intelligent enough for the intelligence in me." An "event" in her life was hearing the police beating up the foreigners, the Portuguese, who amid the 2,500 native inhabitants were the only ones to alleviate the stultification.

Scattered touches in the dialogue convey Claire's world. She did not dislike her cousin: they could not have quarreled, she says, because Marie-Thérèse could not speak. Claire was obliged to eat tons of stew her cousin (who was the household cook) prepared; she never objected to this though she loathed the constant diet of the stuff. Her cousin was "too fat for the small house." She was always cleaning up; being sedulously clean takes up too much time. Then, too, she was deaf, deaf, deaf. The memory of Claire's lover in Cahors and an occasional encounter with the unrepressed Alfonso afforded her the only moments of happiness. These two were "on the same side" (kindred spirits) with her. Pierre? He was not "on the other side": "he was cut out to be, but because of us [herself and Alfonso] he never quite went over. With a wife like me on one side and a deaf and dumb cousin on the other, he was stuck." Being largely inarticulate (except for letters to the papers), Claire spent her life *seething*. Her road led straight to murder.

A Place Without Doors takes on a special eloquence through a well-directed performance—addressed almost entirely to the ear—by Brian Murray. Especially successful in this regard is Mildred Dunnock. Physically too delicate to seem capable of the violent murder Claire has committed and lacking some of the stumped and morose bluntness such women acquire with the years of hopeless stagnation, Miss Dunnock nevertheless possesses, besides admirable qualities of speech, the properly deceptive look of suffering without martyrdom, a forced resignation, a vague and muted consciousness. It is her best acting since her appearance in *Death of a Salesman*. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

"Four Americans in Paris" is a dual-purpose exhibition, and satisfying on both levels: it is an excellent group of early School of Paris paintings and a documentary of the taste of the Stein family. It includes the Michael Steins of San Francisco (strong on Matisse), and Leo and Gertrude Stein in Paris, whose tastes separated after about 1910. The collections were substantially, though not exclusively, formed before World War I. The cubist works of Picasso and Juan Gris represent Gertrude Stein's independent taste after Leo had cooled on contemporaneity. The Stein collections were eroded in various ways, from Gertrude's sales to the Cone sisters, now in the Baltimore Museum of Art, to the complete dissolution of the holdings planned by later members of the family, which the Museum of Modern Art circumvented to some degree. A group of its trustees bought the remaining thirty-eight works by Picasso and nine by Juan Gris, each

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pledging one work to the permanent collection. Around this core, Margaret Potter, associate curator of paintings and sculpture, has brought together for the show another 140 or so works once owned by the Steins.

A problem of permanent collections on view in museums is that the works are seen in settled relationships. It is true that each generation needs easy access to a fairly stable collection, but an unchanging array can become overfamiliar. A kind of historical determinism is implied by the perpetual conjunction of *this* Picasso and *that* Braque, and so on. One virtue of this really consequential temporary exhibition is that the early School of Paris, as tightly enclosed in cliché as any period, can be seen without habit. This assembly of work, mainly by Matisse, Picasso, and Gris, looks, of all things, fresh.

Information on aspects of the Steins and the collections is given in various articles in the catalogue, in one of which Douglas Cooper checks out the dates of Gertrude Stein's contacts with Gris. He concludes that "one should not look for serious art criticism in the writings of Gertrude Stein, a view which is certainly compatible with his judgment on Paul Valéry's essays on art: "as contributions to art history or to the study of aesthetics they are of little value." One thing that Stein and Valéry have in common, especially in the latter's long piece, "Degas Dance Drawing," published in the same year as Stein's book on Picasso, is that they do not pretend that nobody wrote their art criticism. The author is present, not as an abstract intelligence conferring order as he writes but as a gossipy personal presence. Valéry, for example, finding the names of two friends in a history of the French Revolution, relates the story of "a Mallarmé taking so much trouble to guillotine a Degas; and the relations between Edgar Degas and Stephane Mallarmé came back to mind." Or, after an anecdote about Ingres, Valéry records: "Another time Degas described this interview with one rather important variation." Repetition is as admissible as historical accident in Valéry's art criticism and something similar is true of Stein's.

In 1909 she wrote a prose piece in flattery of Picasso ("one whom some were certainly following was one who was completely charming") and later a piece with reservations ("If I told him would he like it"). This was done in 1923, the year that is identified in her book as the start of "the period of large women," Stein's witty term for Picasso's so-called neo-classical phase. Then in 1938 she wrote her summarizing book in terms of her relation to the artist. (It is available as a paperback from Beacon or, with the earlier texts, in an overpriced, underedited collection, *Gertrude Stein on Picasso*, from Liveright.)

The book is written from memory, without notes, done when she had known Picasso for thirty-five years or so. The vagueness on dates, so tiresome to Mr. Cooper, does not stop her book from being about time. On the contrary, the pulverization of sequence and the repetitions accumulate a network of memories in terms of vivid present moments. Her criticism is the opposite of Félix Fénéon's whose syntax, sparing of verbs, aimed to simulate paintings as images in space. Stein's syntax creates diagrams in which past and present, Picasso and herself, art and writing, are compared and fused. As she observes in the Picasso book, "as far back as we know history, people are about the same as they were" and, given this view, early Picasso is not different from later Picasso to her.

Memory takes the form of folklore when unchecked by research, and certainly the book is so unchecked. Most writers on art are unintentionally diverted and influenced by the folklore of art, fables about art and nature, the artist as seer, *la vie de bohème*, the tyranny of vocation, alienation, and all that. These themes are not, so to say, on the statutes of art criticism, but a remarkable amount of art writing consists of observance of these customary laws. Stein embraced this folkloric dimension knowingly and heartily, as when she was on Boulevard Raspail with Picasso and "the ; camouflaged truck passed. It was at ni we had heard of camouflage but we not seen it and Picasso amazed loo at it and then cried out, yes it is we v made it, that is cubism." This transp tion of nature imitating art into the n tary imitating cubism is, of course, example of the prophetic power of artist, responsive to his times and s posedly shaping them also (which is Marshall McLuhan has found for artist to do).

Writing about three landscapes crystalline structure done in Spain 1909, Stein says they are "the be nings of cubism" and, on another page course, that "cubism is a part of the d life in Spain, it is in Spanish archi ture." Her admiration of Picasso disposed her to Gris, another Spa cubist. Why did she feel this link w Spain? According to her, "in a kind o way America and Spain have someth in common"; for one thing both co tries were peripheral to Paris, that Europe. The intensity of expatriates in adopted city united them and was inforced by the folklore of Spain; pot in Manet's time and not extinct Hemingway's, it nourished Stein's im of Picasso. The fact that she owned three Spanish landscapes does not m that she was promoting them, merely t her possessions were subject to the sa iconography of national identity as view of the artist. Many of the illust tions to the first American edition *Picasso* are, in fact, from her own coll tion and can be seen at the Mod Museum now. It is pleasant to think her writing about Picasso surrounded Picassos on her walls in what must h been an ideal writer-subject relati ship.

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IN MY TIME

The surgeon
at the operating table
is having a heart attack,

the fire extinguisher's
on fire,
so what's new?

It's just
that I should note
identities even now.

There are no parallels
in nature,
only echoes.

I listen to my left ventricle
pumping napalm
into the Vietcong.

R. P. Dickey

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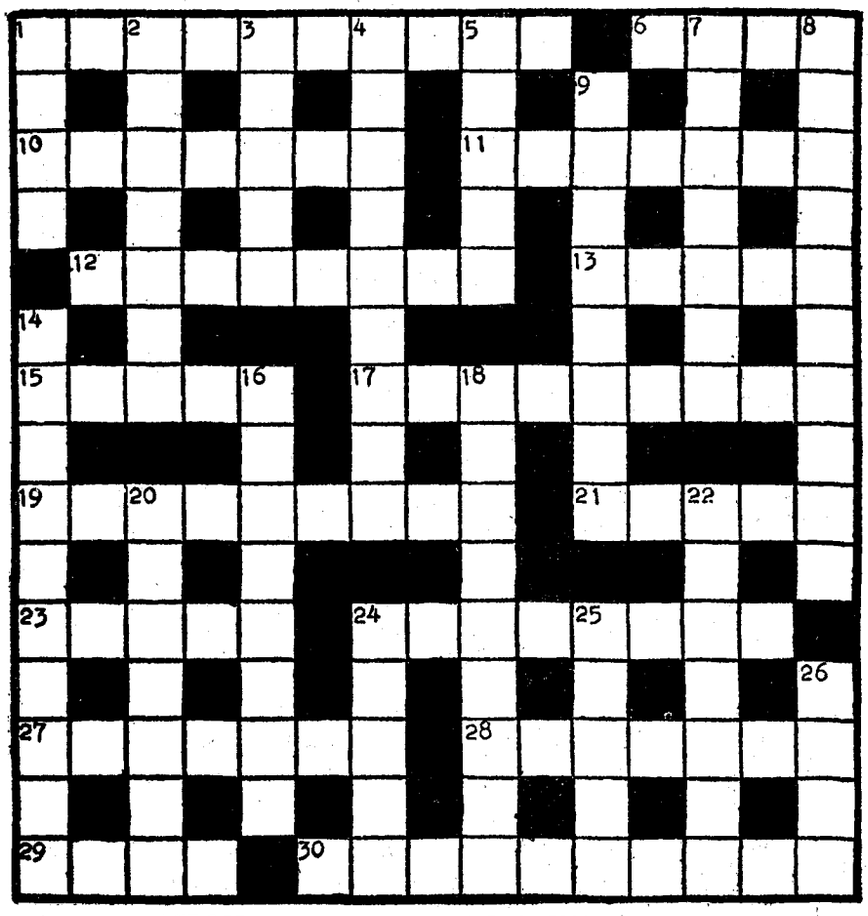
Crossword Puzzle No. 1376

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Not necessarily like either Ben Turpin or Eddie Cantor, though hopefully excited that way. (6-4)
6 and 5 down Implying the last of the wine is probably in store. (9)
10 Angle about the reverse of the game suggestive of Yorick? (7)
11 and 26 down What a groom left waiting at the church might expect from a turtle's relative? (11)
13 It's usually not a cold drink that the minister has to trifle about. (5)
15 Reputedly soft bed. (5)
17 Give an assignment to the police, in the main, warlike. (4,5)
19 On the other side, perhaps, a plain dot.
21 If you want a lift, bring back fun and games. (5)
23 What a girl might hope for instead of 11, alternatively? It will cause some excitement! (5)
24 Apply a certain amount of revolutionary force, once shaken about? (Certainly not the air of the day!) (8)
27 Can and must get arranged in a place that's private. (7)
28 At bottom, the ear and back to get worse —hence the flower. (7)
29 And in front of this, etc.—right away!(4)
30 Sounds like small cutting skill is required for a trifle of it. (10)

DOWN

1 and 12 across Not out as well as on a narrow body of water, with no harm done. (4,3,5)
2 Is the U.N. so bad? It could be improved, and is found all over. (7)
3 One is sometimes told to hold on to them in flight. (5)
4 Used the ax improperly, due to being overtired. (9)
7 How some army drills are executed where future deliveries might be. (2,5)
8 Something for the children might cause ready debts. (5,5)
9 Esthetically acceptable fault, set differently. (8)
14 They do each night during Ramadan, as one does here each morning. (10)
16 Look around—it's broken apart inside and altogether distinct. (8)
18 With a bad sprain, I have the equivalent acid handy. (9)
20 In toto, it comes up sometimes with neither city. (7)
22 The leading part doesn't go well with a distinctive flavor. (7)
24 Is it women that make the clan name? Contrariwise! (5)
25 Probably a Sunnite Muslim. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1375

ACROSS: 1 Stalagmites; 9 Fido; 10 Draft; 11 Gave; 13, 2 down and 21 across Putting two and two together; 15 Mortised; 16 Horner; 18 and 12 across Record changer; 24 Setting; 26 Bloomer; 29 Galba; 30 Sage; 31 Stalactites. DOWN: 3 Lodgers; 4 Goat; 5 In truth; 6 Eight; 7 Righto; 8 Evince; 14 Adits; 17 Retrousse; 19 Eyelid; 20 Donegal; 22 Galvani; 23 Energy; 25 Tight; 27 and 28 across Blocking.

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